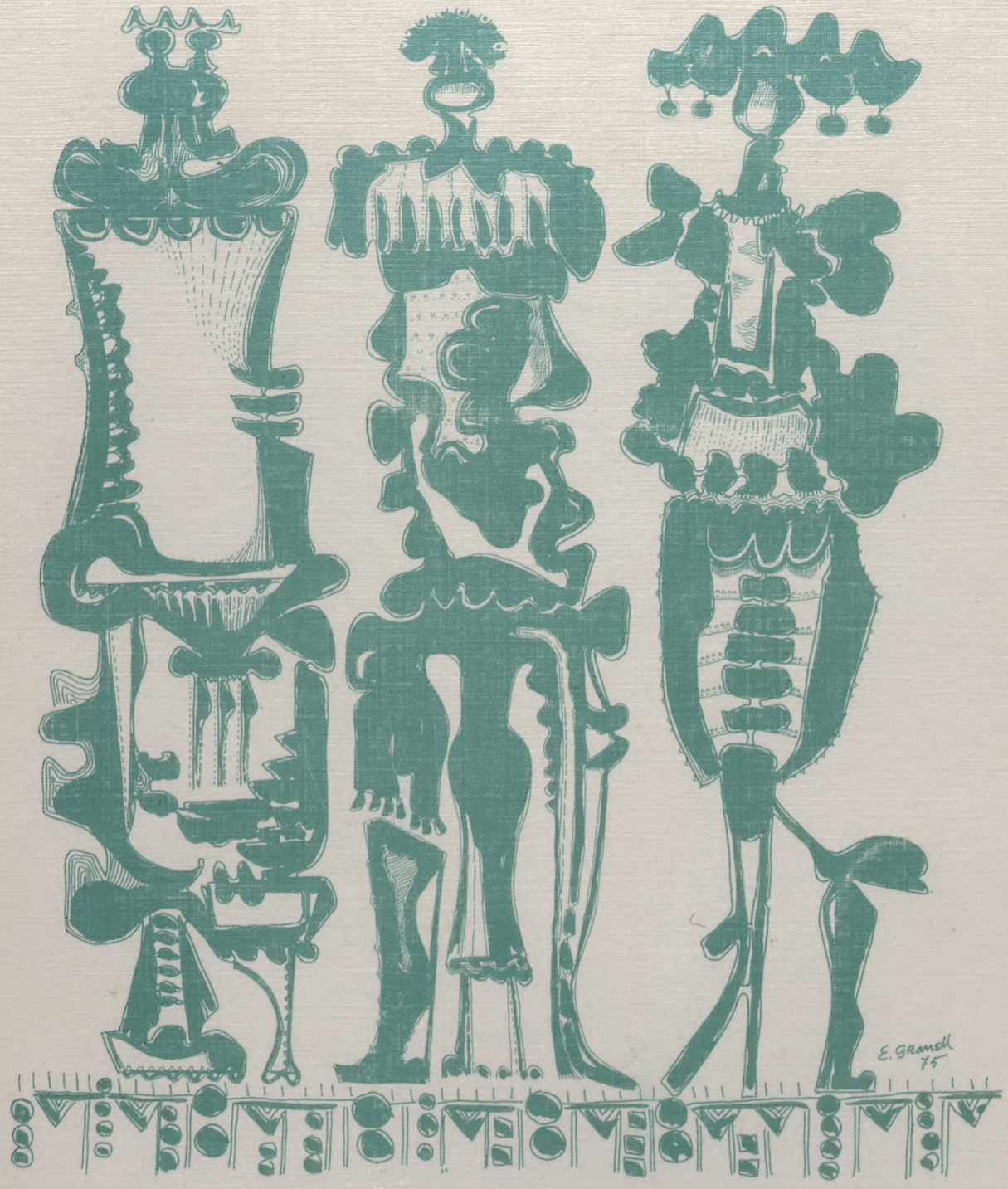
MARVELOUS FREEDOM



VIGILANCE OF DESIRE

WORLD SURREALIST EXHIBITION
Chicago 1976

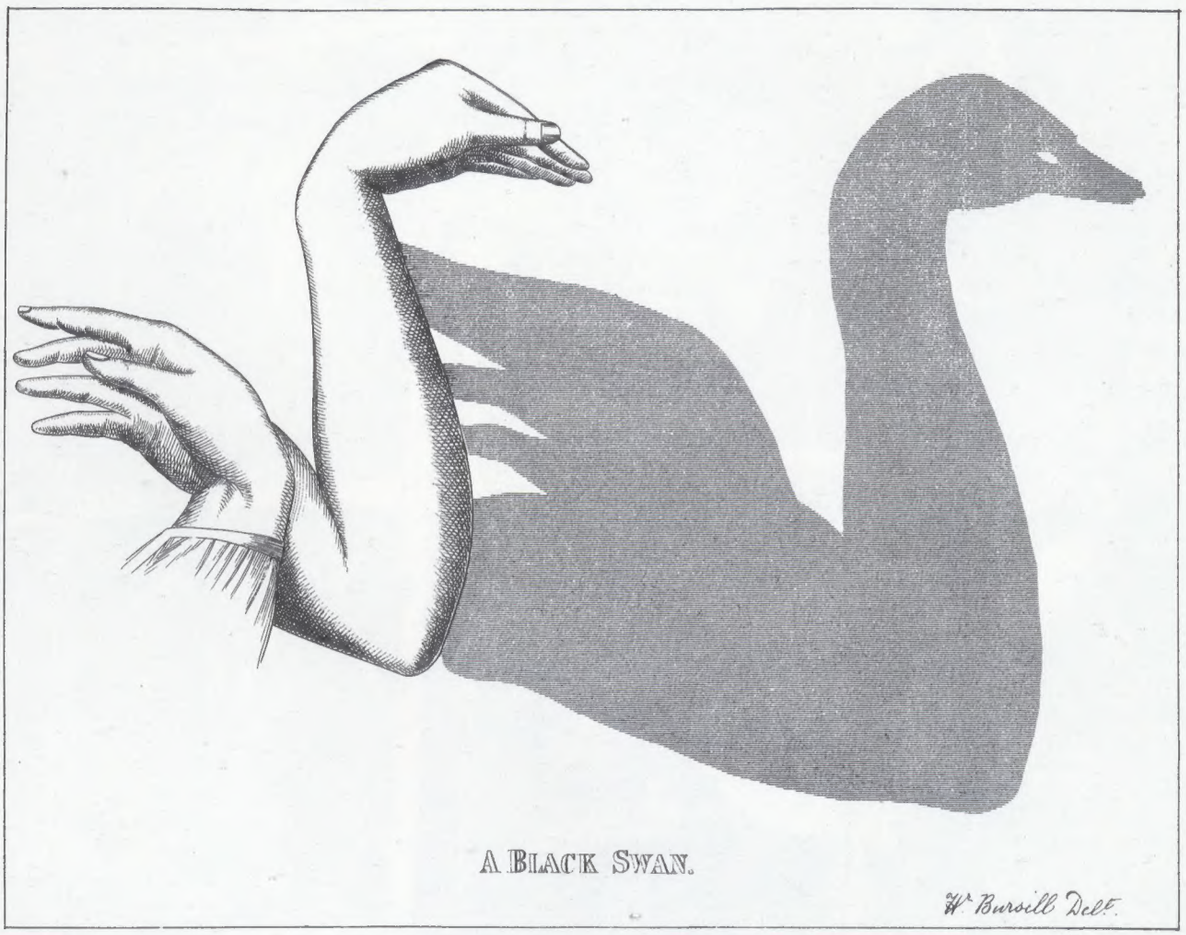
MARVELOUS FREEDOM VIGILANCE OF DESIRE

CATALOG OF THE

WORLD SURREALIST EXHIBITION

(with the participation of the Phases movement)

Chicago 1976



GALLERY BLACK SWAN

500 North LaSalle Street
(Entrance at 148 Illinois)
Chicago, Illinois 60601

On the cover—E.F. GRANELL: The Lovers are Walking with their Mirror

WITH THE PARTICIPATION OF

Willy M. ANDERSSON
José ARGEMI
Thomas ARNEL
Karol BARON
Miriam BAT-YOSEF
Jean-Louis BEAUDONNET
Jean-Louis BEDOUIN
Jean BENOIT
Suzanne BESSON
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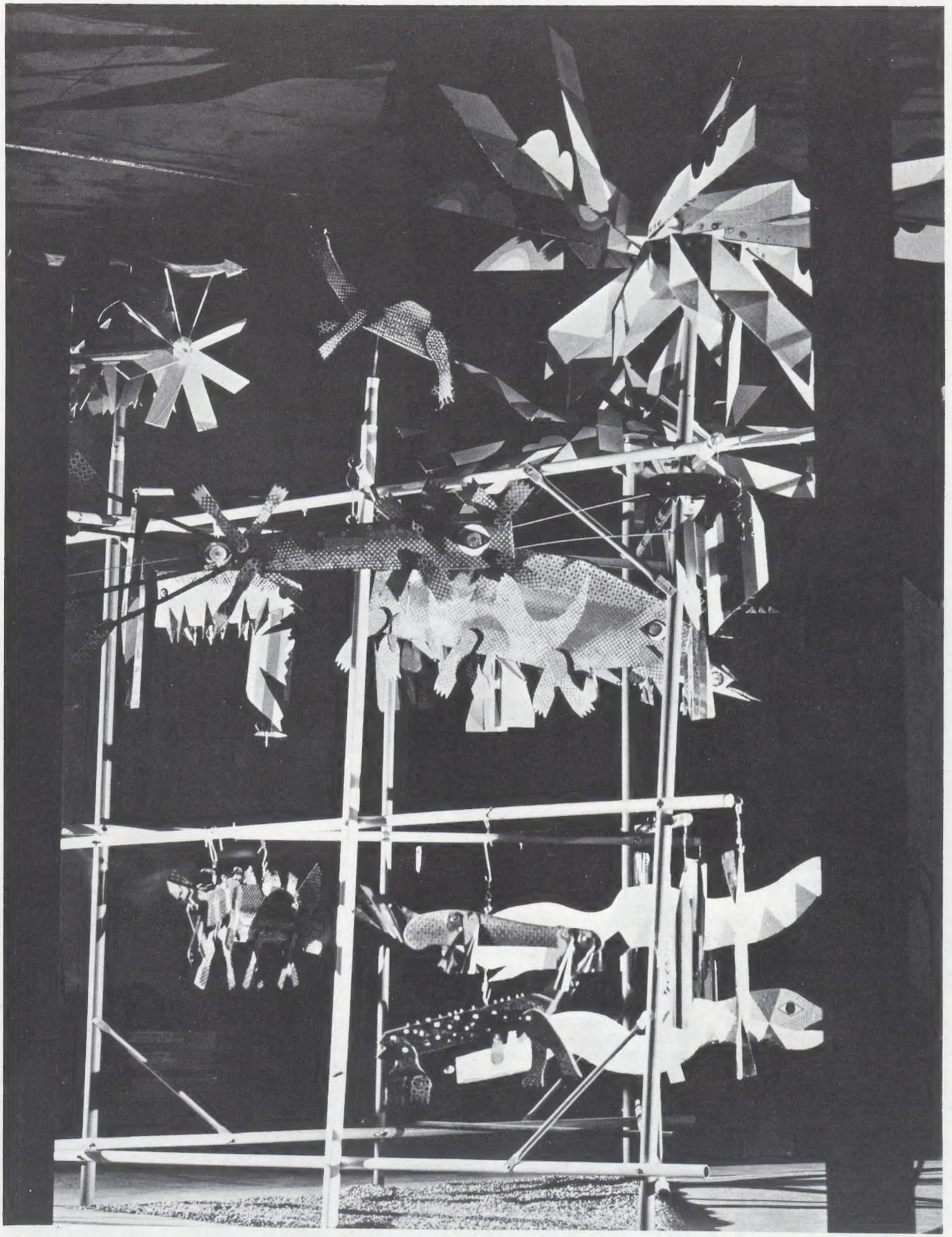
Loddie SERRANO
Takasuke SHIBUSAWA
Max-Walter SVANBERG
Uno SVENSSON
Kenzo TABE
Robert Bruce TAGUE
Shuzo TAKIGUCHI
Debra TAUB
Jean TERROSSIAN
Finn Lauge THOMSEN
Ivan TOVAR
Tor ULVEN
Moto UOTA
Malangatana VALENTE
Frieda VANCREVEL
Laurens VANCREVEL
Michael VANDELAAR
Gérard VULLIAMY
Susana WALD
Laurence WEISBERG
John W. WELSON
Karl WINTERTHUR
Yoshie YOSHIDA
Ghazi YOUNES
Halina ZALMANOWICZ
Ludwig ZELLER
Michel ZIMBACCA
Antoni ZYDRON

AND INCLUDING WORKS BY

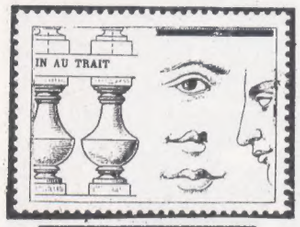
Nelson ALGREN
Franck AUGUSTIN
Lawrence von BARANN
William BAZIOTES
Hans BELLMER
Gabriel BIEN-AIME
Wilson BIGAUD
Edgar BRIERRE
André DIMANCHE
Esteban FRANCES
Roland GIGUERE
Serge JOLIMEAU
Jasmin JOSEPH
Louis JOSEPH
John KELLER
Anton KREKULE
G.D. LeRICHE
Georges LIAUTAUD
Anne MARTHE
Renold MONFIL
J. NEQUATEWA
Martin NOEL
Damien PAUL
Gérard PAUL
Jackson POLLOCK
Walter QUIRT
Frank James SAIBERT
Levi SMITH
Shirley VOLL

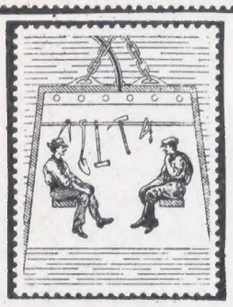
COUNTRIES REPRESENTED

Algeria Argentina Australia Belgium Brazil Canada Chile Cuba Czechoslovakia Denmark Dominican Republic England France Germany Haiti Holland Hungary Iceland Indonesia Iraq Israel Italy Japan Lebanon Mozambique Norway Peru Poland Portugal Spain Sweden Syria United States



Gerome KAMROWSKI: Menagerie of Revolt (Aquarium of Love): Marvelous Freedom of the Winds





José ARGEMI:
Surrealist Postage Stamps

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE EXHIBITION

The World Surrealist Exhibition will open its doors at one o'clock on the afternoon of the first of May (May Day) 1976, at the Gallery Black Swan, 500 North LaSalle Street, (second floor, entrance at 148 West Illinois Avenue) in Chicago.

This will be the first major surrealist exhibition in the United States since the 1960-61 "Surrealist Intrusion in the Enchanters' Domain" in New York. This will be vastly larger and more comprehensive; the greatest ever held in any country—truly a *World* Surrealist Exhibition, the first to be so designated.

* * *

Only surrealists are qualified to organize an exhibition of surrealism. In contrast to numerous shows passed off as surrealist by universities, museums and by many art galleries, we have refused all concessions to didacticism and retrospection. We have chosen, on the contrary, to affirm the living and disquieting presence of surrealist inspiration in the four corners of the planet.

The World Surrealist Exhibition has been organized by the Surrealist Movement in the United States, with the closest collaboration of the surrealists in Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, France, Iraq, Japan, Spain, Portugal and other countries, and with the additional participation of the international Phases movement. As has been true of several preceding international surrealist exhibitions, this has been organized around a precise theme:

MARVELOUS FREEDOM
VIGILANCE OF DESIRE

Without in any sense negating the spirit of previous international exhibitions of our movement, we have intended to specify, by this theme, that current of *irreducible revolt* and *total subversion* which continue more than ever to be the fundamental animating principles of the surrealist project.

To concretize this theme, and to distance ourselves as much as possible from the fake enterprises that usurp the surrealist label, we have organized this exhibition as an *expedition* through the transparent labyrinth of magnetic signs (signs of the times as well as signs of the timeless).

Ascending Sleepwalkers' Hill to a broad expanse, and passing through the Corridor of the Forgotten Future, the visitor enters (one after the other) the

ELEVEN DOMAINS
OF SURREALIST VIGILANCE

Each domain is dedicated to (or possessed by, in the voodoo or shamanist sense) a mythological or fictitious figure from the pantheon of poetic insurrection: Alice, Bugs Bunny, the Duchess of Towers, Fantomas, Doctor Faustroll, Harpo Marx, Juliette, Melmoth the Wanderer, Robin Hood, T-Bone Slim and Peetie Wheatstraw.

Outside the domains proper, but within reach of them all, lies the secret heartland of the Menagerie of Revolt and Aquarium of Love: Marvelous Freedom of the Winds. Those whose perception has not been irremediably destroyed by an incoherent civilization will not fail to recognize at once, in the hidden waves of this hint of the ancient ocean—as well as in the Corner of the Masks—the gaze of Maldoror himself. Palpitant and merciless, the Great Invisibles hover everywhere, above and below, glimmering in the depths of every eye.

The exhibition is designed to pose not only the question *Who are you?*, but also—by offering an unparalleled initiation into the becoming of the *new myth* (the *surrealist* myth, the liberatory collective dream that must replace all the old repressive myths that weigh like granite on the human brain)—the far more urgent question: *Who will you be?*

* * *

Unwilling to subject visitors to empty rituals of "disorientation for disorientation's sake," we have seen to it that each copy of the exhibition catalog is furnished with an accurate and detailed *blueprint* of the entire terrain. Representatives of the international surrealist movement will be present at all times.

Visitors are requested, however, to bring both flashlights and sunglasses, for at certain times and in certain places the light and the darkness will be extreme.

* * *

In addition to presenting paintings, drawings, photographs, lithographs, collages, sculptures and objects by adherents of international surrealism, the World Surrealist Exhibition will feature examples of works by several individuals who, though not consciously surrealists, nonetheless participate *objectively* in the surrealist revolution. Most notable, in this regard, will be the presentation of paintings and sculptures of Haitian "primitives."

We have also invited the participation of a small number of painters who, though never formal adherents of this movement, nonetheless independently arrived at many surrealist positions, and who have demonstrated over a long period a principled poetic activity in the plastic arts.

On a different but related plane, the exhibition will feature Nelson Algren's interpretative defacement of a portrait of Pope John XXIII; a selection of found objects; a display of picture postcards exemplifying the fertility of the popular imagination, and other works achieved without the slightest trace of an "artistic" alibi.

* * *

The World Surrealist Exhibition includes over 500 contributions by some 130 participants from thirty-odd countries. Almost none of the exhibited works have ever been exhibited before in the U.S. Most have never been exhibited anywhere.

We must emphasize that nothing has been further from our intention than the mere act of hanging new works on old walls, to provide some ridiculous "esthetic" diversion. The very character of an "exhibition" has always been and remains suspect in our eyes, carrying with it limitations and risks. Rejecting in advance any and all opportunist distractions of an "exhibitionist" tendency, the World Surrealist Exhibition is designed as an act of war against all forces of miserabilism.

In the spirit of integral humor, in which the rigorous theory and practice of play and pleasure are the communicating vessels of revolutionary and poetic action, we have utilized the anachronistic framework of an exhibition precisely to resolve the contradiction between hiding and seeking: that is, to annihilate the "spectator," as such, by inspiring and mobilizing resistance to, and revolt against, all regressive ideas and institutions.

Thomas ARNEL: Opus 5 (relief etching)

FREEDOM OF THE MARVELOUS

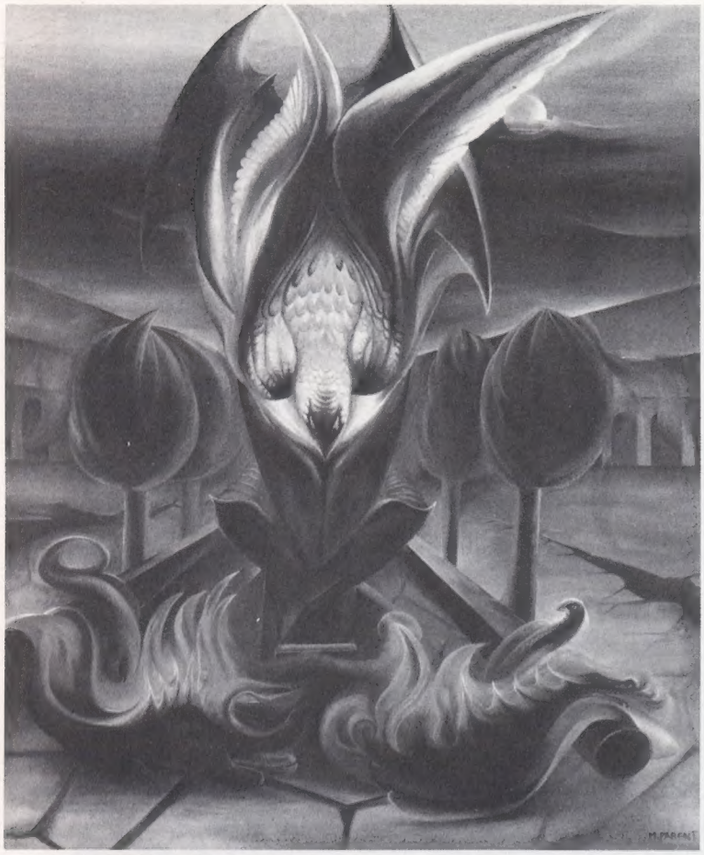
Caught on an emotional precipice between the irretrievable and the unhoped for, men and women today rarely recognize each other, or even themselves. Ask them who they are, what they are doing, where they are going; they stare blankly, stammer, look the other way. No one dares be happy: too many wars, too many suicides, too many unemployed, too many priests, too many cops; too many "troubles" of every sort conceivable and too many that are scarcely conceivable at all. The exceptions prove the rule. The traffic is always heavy, the weather is always bad. No doubt about it; Life today is only five per cent of life, and day by day the percentage goes down.

Stand for twenty minutes on any street corner of any large city, and note the expressions in the eyes of the multitude of far from perfect strangers who pass by with nothing better to do, it seems, than to perfect their estrangement. At such moments people have been known to ask themselves: Is this why I was born? Is this *all?* They ask *themselves,* I say; for if they were to ask those questions of others they would find themselves placed under arrest, or carted away for electroshock, or provided with still further examples of the consequences of exercising the right of free speech.

It is nonetheless true that this discomfort, this despair that gnaws through the darkness in everyone's heart, endlessly opens loopholes in the wall of logic used to justify the universal immobilization of the human spirit. Through these loopholes, while they last, the flame of freedom faintly glimmers, illuminating the promise that *something else* exists or could exist. For most people this flame flickers its last, or almost its last, in a protracted form of death known as "maturation." Every hope is extinguished as fast as it appears, accompanied by rituals of submissive evasion that reinforce the cheap mysticism of everyday life. Imagination, dream, fantasy, play, adventure—everything that gives life a hint of magic and exaltation is relegated to an increasingly depreciated childhood. Civilization is founded on the murder of children because it is childhood, as André Breton suggested, that "comes closest to true life."

There remain, for most people, only a few rare "unconnected" and "inexplicable" moments: fleeting eruptions of inspiration, sudden passions, dazzling encounters "by chance." Such moments, true glimpses of the Marvelous, secure themselves permanently in each person's psychic life, in the depths of each person's inner mythology. Shunned by repressive reason, persecuted by routine, these magic moments nonetheless remain secret signposts for the wandering mind—for the shadow in search of its substance.

To extend these moments, to unite them, to hasten their proliferation, to *arm them,* as it were—such have always been central func-



Mimi PARENT: painting

tions of poetry. With the formation of the surrealist movement the poetic effort has attained its highest stage of development. What had been only individual, sporadic, unconscious—and therefore easily defeated—with surrealism becomes collective, systematic, conscious, invincible.

To overcome the contradiction between these marvelous moments and the everyday, to *actualize* the Marvelous in everyday life —*that* is the surrealist project.

* * *

First, last and always, surrealism is a *revolutionary* movement. Its first periodical, published by the first surrealist group in France from 1924 to 1929, was titled *The Surrealist Revolution*. Beginning on "idealistic" ground, but recapitulating the whole course of modern western philosophy in a few months, the surrealists found their own orientation and their aspirations verified and developed by the historical materialism of Marx and Engels, which itself received an astonishing verification and development from the October Revolution in Russia, 1917.

Perceiving that the contradiction between the limitless capacities of the mind and the misery of everyday life corresponds to the contradiction between the productive forces and the bourgeois relations of production—which in turn is the basis of the irreconcilable antagonism between proletariat and bourgeoisie—the surrealists entered the revolutionary workers' movement. The French group's second journal (1930-33) was called *Surrealism in the Service of the Revolution*—the change being tactical rather than one of principle; for the communist revolution, in the service of which the surrealists enlisted themselves, is itself, from the surrealist point of view, in the service of surrealism. Communist revolution, which alone can provide each individual with "the means of cultivating his gifts in all directions," as Marx wrote in *The German Ideology*, sets the stage for the fullest development of surrealism, the realization of Lautréamont's maxim: "Poetry must be made by all."

Beginning with the abolition of imaginative slavery and a thoroughgoing revaluation of all values, surrealism requires the definitive overthrow of the bourgeois/christian order and the elaboration, on communist foundations, of a non-repressive civilization governed by the watchword: To each according to his desire.

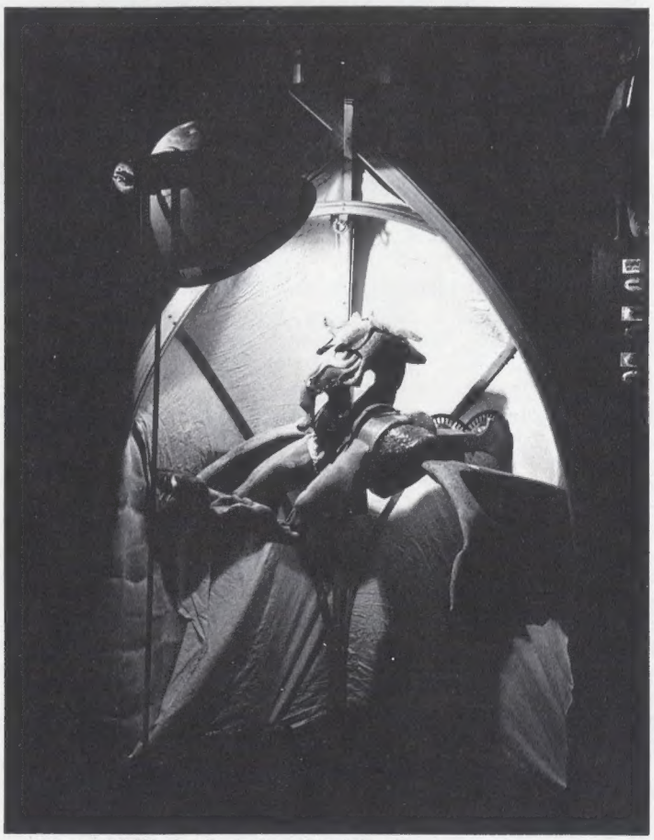
* * *

It hardly needs to be stressed how little all this has to do with "art." Between the imperialists' first world massacre and their second, it is true, surrealism maintained a virtually uncontested hegemony over the plastic arts. This "coincidence" has misled many into believing that surrealism was itself reducible to an "artistic" movement. From this mistake flow many others: for example, the appearance of "pop" and "conceptual" art, and other well-publicized "avant-gardes," are offered as "proof" that surrealism has grown "obsolete."

It is appropriate, on the occasion of the World Surrealist Exhibition, to serve notice that the surrealists are less willing today than ever to renounce Jacques Vaché's exemplary declaration, that "We know neither Art nor Artists." It is worth noting that not one of the nineteen in the original surrealist group was a painter; that in the first *Surrealist Manifesto* painting was mentioned only in a footnote; that even in Breton's *Surrealism in Painting*—surely the most important work on the plastic arts in this century—painting is designated as a "lamentable expedient."

Just as Marx's theory of communism is a critique and supersession of philosophy and political economy, so surrealism is a critique and supersession of literature and art. If, since Marx, academic disciplines known as philosophy and economics have continued to exist, they have been almost without exception mere scholastic justifications of bourgeois rule. Similarly, after the consolidation of surrealism, "art" as such has continued as a decoration and diversion for the degenerating bourgeoisie, whereas surrealism has pursued its researches altogether outside all "specialized," alienated, exploitative, reified categories. Surrealism marks the end of esthetics because esthetics is only another obstacle to the elaboration of a new, revolutionary poetic *way of life.*

To be sure, there are those who prefigure and prepare this surrealist way of life by means of painting, drawing, photography, or by rearranging images clipped from magazines, or by assembling objects found in the street, or by chipping away at blocks of stone. To present some of the surrealist evidence achieved by these means is one of the reasons we have organized the World Surrealist Exhibition. What deserves emphasis, however, is that the works pre-



Robert GREEN: The Drake (wood sculpture)

sented here were realized without any artistic pretext. To view them in an esthetic light would be to miss the point completely. Since the founding of surrealism, the only true artists (with few exceptions) have ceased to think of themselves as artists; they have been less interested in changing art than in changing *life.*

The surrealist supersession of art does not "solve" the problems of human expression, of course; it only provides the basis for their solution. For the very reason that "art" no longer exists, the world all the more urgently needs each and every concrete prefiguration of the advance of liberated desire—everything that prompts us to dream while awake, everything that inspires us to demand more of life. From this viewpoint painting and drawing become *magic windows* through which we can see what had not been seen. Only through these breaches in the prison walls of "reasonable reality" can the inner eye focus on the becoming of true life.

This explains why, situating themselves unequivocally beyond art, the surrealists have only disdain for the abject hucksters of "anti-art" who so eagerly prostrate themselves before the dominant images of miserabilism. Unable to decide which of their own eyes is blind, these confusionists try to persuade everyone else that there is nothing to see. If art in its "official" mummification is one side of the ruling lie, the other side of that counterfeit coin is anti-art as codified by various myopic remnants of the "counterculture" and the "new left."

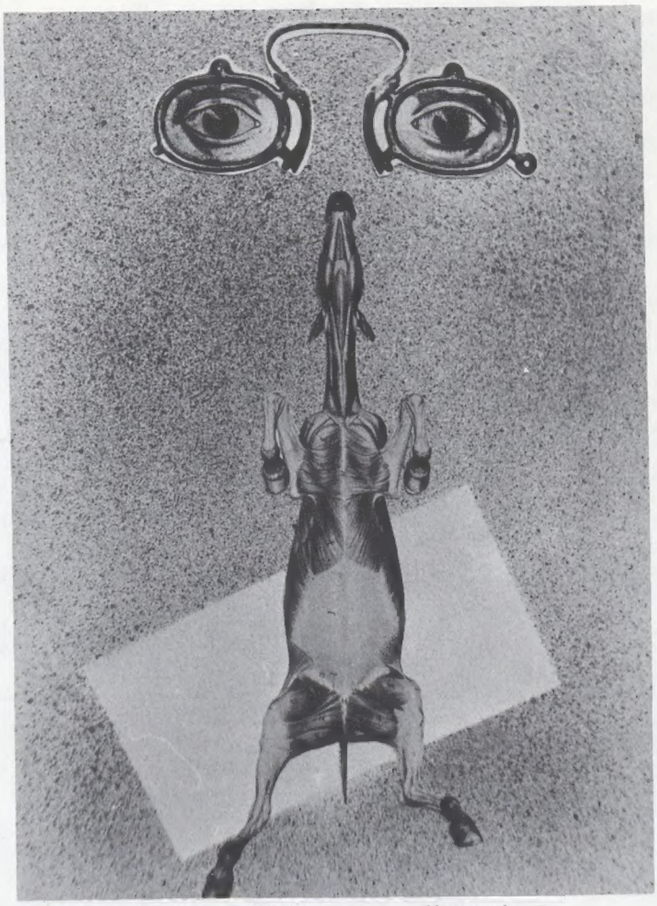
Detained neither by the senility and death-agony of art nor by the infantile disorders of anti-art, surrealism has remained insistently *elsewhere,* according to Fourier's principle of absolute divergence. Little concerned by the irrelevant absurdities of "beauty," "line," "form," "composition," etc., the surrealists are preoccupied by more compelling matters: the exteriorization of libido, isolation of obsessive images, determination of the automatic message, and other means of expressing "the real functioning of thought," hastening the conquest of the irrational as a step toward the total transformation of the world.

* * *

By placing this exhibition under the sign of MARVELOUS FREEDOM, we have intended to emphasize that surrealism is today the only consistent and thoroughgoing enemy of all miserabilism.

In his essay "Away with Miserabilism!" (1956) Breton anannounced that the time had come to study clinically this "plague" that "permits of as many variations . . . as there are categories of misery." Tracing it historically as "the offspring of the perfect coupling of those two vermin, hiterlite fascism and Stalinism," Breton described its essence: "the depreciation of reality in place of its exaltation. "

Alfred FLOKI: The Last Templar



A.K. El JANABY: The Social Revolution as an Homage to the Exquisite Corpse (collage/painting)

Generalizing from Breton's discussion we may define miserabilism as the *rationalization of the unlivable.* A product of the epoch of capitalist decline, it is the summation of all ideological excrescences of the "accumulation of misery" that Marx correlated with the accululation of capital. "Accumulation of wealth at one pole," wrote Marx (in *Capital,* Vol. I), means "accumulation of misery, agony of toil, slavery, ignorance, brutality, mental degradation at the opposite pole." It is plain that this misery did not signify for Marx a narrowly "economic" category; he remarks on the same page that "in proportion as capital accumulates, the lot of the laborer, *be his payment high or low,* must grow worse." (Emphasis added, F.R.)

Events of the last decade—from the Detroit Insurrection to the Lordstown Strike (to cite only U.S. examples)—have confirmed that the working class still has nothing in common with the employing class; that between these classes a struggle continues, and will continue till the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

Only now are we emerging from a prolonged period of counter-revolution: a period starting in the 1920s with the defeat of the German and Chinese Revolutions; continuing through the next decade with the defeat of the Spanish Revolution, the spread of fascism, the Stalinist Thermidor; proceeding through the imperialist war of 1939-45; culminating in the structural assimilation of fascist "innovations" by the victorious "democracies" throughout the Cold War. During that period the autonomous class movement of the proletariat was crushed—its traditions obliterated. The delay in world revolution has been time lost for all revolutionary tendencies and time won for an ever more concentrated ruling class which, drawing on its vast legacy of experiences at ruling, has been quicker to learn its lessons from the class struggles of this century than has the working class. With each defeated uprising of the proletariat the

Ronald L. PAPP and Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN: Conscious Asleep, Unconscious Awakened (collective painting, 1976)

bourgeoisie have refined and developed their methods of social control.

Only the smallest revolutionary minority survived this succession of debacles. The surrealist movement, a small minority within this minority, could not have remained unaffected by the setbacks and defeats of the entire workers' movement. Indeed, whole sections of our movement perished during or shortly after the war. But widely scattered individuals and small nuclei, often reduced to an "underground" existence, continued to defend surrealist perspectives in the most adverse conditions. What is important is that the movement as a whole never lost that limitless revolutionary confidence expressed by Breton in "Limits Not Frontiers of Surrealism" (1936) that "nothing can prevent surrealism from believing that the last glance of the men and women who fell in July 1936 before Saragossa holds within itself the whole future."

If the worst counterrevolution in history could not alter this confidence—if surrealism, alone among international "intellectual" or "cultural" currents—has held out against an almost universal demoralization and backsliding throughout the period of world reaction—it has been because the surrealist *practice of poetry* permits its adherents to see beyond the immediate disasters, the temporary defeats, to the Golden Age that lies ahead. This materialist conception of poetry—roughly outlined in the works of Lautréamont and Rimbaud, and given its definitive expression in the *Manifestoes* of Breton—restores poetry to its true revolutionary *critical* function as the bearer of the unfettered imagination, prefiguring the "leap," signaled by Marx and Engels, "from the realm of necessity to the realm of freedom."

* * *

The basic assumption of miserabilism is that misery is eternal—that there is no way out. Beginning with resignation, it passes quickly enough to the outright glorification of misery for misery's sake. This is the function of nearly the whole superstructure of advanced capitalist society today: from religion to the advertising agencies, from the politicians to the false poets. As the quintessential ideological expression of decadent capitalism's surge toward barbarism, reinforced by the universal institutionalization of the death-wish, miserabilism rests on an extreme brutalization of language—a monstrous depreciation of all signs, so that it becomes increasingly impossible for men and women to think; impossible above all to express their thoughts with any coherence, lucidity or ardor. All signs by which communication is supposed to be effected are degraded to the narrowest utilitarian function, made subservient to the fetishism of commodities, and deprived of all brilliance, all fire.

The word "marvelous" today is used to describe the latest fashions in clothes, automobiles, household appliances. There always seems to be someone low enough and mean enough to pronounce this word over even the vilest outrages committed by the vilest people.

"Freedom" today, as the managers of wage slavery cackle over their "bicentennial celebration," is freedom to be stupefied, poisoned, bored—freedom to submit or shut up—freedom of a mere handful of exploitative parasites to squeeze from the great mass of humanity not only surplus value but life itself.

This degradation of language is a function of repression, using the term in both its political and psychological senses. Consciousness is false whenever true desire is unconscious. The first task of those who would change life is to bring unconscious desires to con-

sciousness. This requires nothing less than the liberation of language, and of all signs, from the stifling grip of the miserabilist mystifiers for whom these signs exist only as instruments of bureaucratic manipulation.Surrealist intervention—in poetry, plastic arts, psychology, anthropology, linguistics, politics, everyday life—starts by reducing and aims at resolving the paralyzing antinomies between imagination and reason, dream and action, unconscious and conscious. By following through the implications of this disalienating revolutionary poetic praxis, each person may discover for himself the truth of Breton's remark that "language was given to man to make surrealist use of it."

Nothing less than the utmost VIGILANCE OF DESIRE, carried to its furthest excesses, can restore a human meaning, a living actuality, to the words "marvelous" and "freedom" which have suffered so much for so long at the hands of those who are the worst enemies of all that these words truly stand for. This surrealist vigilance, dialectically resolving the contradiction between utopian reverie and scientific concentration, constitutes an affective medium in which revolutionary and poetic thought and action can develop with best results.

The undesirable, the unlivable, the miserable can be vanquished only when the *desirable* is concretely determined. It is with this view that surrealism mobilizes its concretizations of the Marvelous against all miserabilist abstractions and institutions. An exhibition would hold no interest if it were not designed to demystify and discredit—and help destroy—the decrepit but debasing lies that enable oppressive obscurantists to stay in power. An endless succession of magic windows looking out on that which will be, the World Surrealist Exhibition is also necessarily a *defenestration* of falsehoods, platitudes and apologies for the existing order.

Among the first to be defenestrated will be the ideologies and ideologists of the pseudo-Marvelous and the hypocritical "freedom" that exists only for the bourgeoisie and their bureaucrats. A dying

Albert MARENCIN: Torso 1 (collage)

William BAZIOTES, Gerome KAMROWSKI, Jackson POLLOCK: collective painting (1939-40)

social order prolongs its life by accentuating its plunder of the living. Only by giving itself transfusions from the works of Marx and Freud has the basically death-oriented culture of the imperialist epoch maintained a semblance of intellectual vitality. More recently it is surrealism that has been subjected to such abuse. This does not mean what a few shortsighted critics pretend, that surrealism has been "integrated" into the ruling culture. Rather it means that surrealism—and all revolutionary thought—must be continually and integrally restored in opposition to all eclectics, opportunists and recuperaters, and that it must be ever more rigorously applied and developed. Those who have expropriated the Marvelous for repressive ends will themselves be marvelously expropriated. Surrealism, the executive agency of the poetic imagination, will see to it that everything that rightfully belongs to poetry is restored to it—that is, the *whole world.*

* * *

The World Surrealist Exhibition opens its doors to the public after more than a year and a half of planning by the Surrealist Movement in the U.S., in closest collaboration with groups and individuals in many countries. The purpose of this extensive discussion was to define, as precisely as possible, the specificity of this exhibition, and—more importantly—the specificity of surrealist intervention today on the planetary scale. Nothing was further from our intention than merely to send out invitations indiscriminately to everyone who may happen to call himself a surrealist. We were determined, rather, to attain maximum theoretical and programatic clarity, to establish the exhibition on a principled basis. This required the categorical exclusion of a whole crowd of impostors and opportunists, to say nothing of renegades who, feigning repentance on bended knees, would like us now to forget what rats they were and are.

Nothing short of this rigorous policy—derived from revolutionary poetic aims and principles that are invariable and beyond argument—could assure the continuity and extension of surrealism today as a "lever" (to use Breton's expression) of human emancipation. This vigilance, always and everywhere indispensable in poetic as in revolutionary matters, is especially urgent in the present historical conditions, because this exhibition is intended not to "commemorate" an already evolved period, and certainly not as an end in itself, but rather as a major step toward reconstruction of the surrealist international—as an advance that in turn will stimulate other advances in the same direction.

The surrealists' passionate committment to principles does not mean that surrealism is a finished system, petrified like a church, doomed by dogma to endless self-repetition. On the contrary, it is those who most noisily turn their backs on principles who are finished, petrified, doomed to re-enact the same old mistakes again and again.

Our critics too easily forget that surrealism is by definition opposed to all conformism, including (as Breton remarked) a kind of

Thom BURNS: Vigilance of Desire

Mario CESARINY and Inacio MATSINHE: collective painting (1975)

"surrealist" conformism evidenced by numerous imitators of surrealist painting and poetry. In art as elsewhere, Breton insisted, each person must "set out on his own search for the Golden Fleece"; the only "great expeditions" are those that are undertaken *"at the risk of one's life."*

Every effort has been made to exclude from this exhibition, and from surrealist activity as a whole, anyone who has failed to assume this risk. It is false to speak of surrealism as a "style" or "school" of art or of anything else. Surrealism is the Garden of Eden restored beyond Good and Evil. On the tree of liberty, no two leaves are alike. The marvelous *diversity* of surrealism is at once the surest measure and the guarantee of its vigilant *unity* as a project of total revolution.

* * *

Against the traumatic as well as the trivial myths of today's slaveholders and slaves—against the repressive and reactionary myths of God, Country, Flag, Family, Money, Work—the surrealists of all countries uphold the only myth that is "absolutely modern" as well as "older than time." This myth, revolutionary, liberatory, exalting—and therefore fundamentally different from all other myths—rises from the ashes of the old order, from all the old orders, to announce a new life, a surrealist life.

Confirming the destiny of caprices, verifying the implications of dreams, purusing the revelations of chance, preparing the dictatorship of the imagination and heralding the triumph of mad love—surrealism follows through each and every glimmering hint that allows us to redefine the everyday labyrinth in terms of moments that are defiantly magnetic—moments that are the very apples of the Great Invisibles' eyes.

It is to provide a tentative initiation into the becoming of this new myth that we have organized the World Surrealist Exhibition. Caring little for didactic "insights," we have preferred to present *incitements* to dream and to act—incitements to live the new life in which marvelous freedom will be realized by all.

Franklin ROSEMONT

Tatsuo IKEDA: The Eyeball of Vigilance

THE ELEVEN DOMAINS OF SURREALIST VIGILANCE

Surrealism is for us not a "state of affairs" to be established, an "ideal" to which reality will have to adjust itself. We call surrealism the real movement which abolishes the present state of things. The conditions of this movement result from premises now in existence.

In the following eleven pages participants in surrealist activity explore different manifestations of the latent content *of these premises. These poems, texts and reproductions should be regarded as documents of some first steps in the quest for a new myth—a myth elaborated defiantly outside all repressive frameworks, and responsive only to the needs of freedom and the Marvelous. Governed from first to last by the laws of passional attraction, and faithful at the same time to the spirit of dialectics and the principle of analogy, this material is intended not so much as a "guide," or even as a preface to a guide, but rather as a* contribution *to such a preface which, however, will be "written" above all* in the streets—*that is, in the permanent surrealist revolution, the definitive revenge of the definitive dreamers.*

As the prevailing myths of our epoch go up in smoke, it has seemed to us not only appropriate but urgent to interrogate a few "fictitious" and "legendary" figures who exemplify an alertness to the extreme precariousness of the human condition, and who ceaselessly signal—to us and to all who intend to realize poetry—through the flames of every burning question.

ALICE

Hiroshi NAKAMURA: Schoolgirl

Child of a plaintiff and of a train
Child of this age clothed in padlocks
In spite of the dirt and the threatening weather
In spite of the hideous days and nights of illusion
You lived your life—oh how anxiously
—E.L.T. Mesens
("Violette Nozieres")

Artur de CRUZEIRO-SEIXAS and Raul PEREZ: exquisite corpse drawing

The Domain of Alice
by
Ronald L. Papp

GLASS DOOR TO THE VOICE OF HEARTS

A gold pendulum swings in the center of a forest; its sides reflect the image of a rowboat headed downstream toward the waterfall of subversion. Alice, the girl of our dreams, wanders through this complex underworld of irrational encounters where her desires for the Marvelous come to life.

The tunnels interwoven in this magnificent garden are filled with physical puzzles and perplexing doorways leading to light and dark chambers where humorous and mysterious parodies are vainly enacted by anthropomorphic creatures and by animated inanimate beings.

In creating his disquieting romances Lewis Carroll did not stop at the mere presentation of a land of purely "pleasant" images and events. On the contrary, he invited cruelty and violence to assert themselves alongside the beauty of the phantasmagorical. He himself seems to have found this aspect of his work disturbing; he was, at any rate, extremely reticent in his personal life and, surrendering to a puritanical ethic, was always careful to avoid shocking his young friends and their mothers. But his works are unquestionably governed by his unique poetic understanding of the clarity of "nonsense" and by his special passion for Alice.

Alice's adventures offer an infinite series of riddles and paradoxes, spelling out in authentically surrealist terms the verses of a new order of truth. All this and more is offered to those who dwell on the mundane side of her mirror—the life-starved men and women who are methodically, sadly geared to refuse such an offer, yet find themselves "amused" by a "fairy tale."

Alice is courteous to all—"high or low, grand or grotesque, King or Caterpillar"—but she herself is treated kindly only by a few of those whom she meets. She is "wildly curious" and "ready to accept the wildest impossibilities with all that utter trust that only dreamers know." Her beauty revolves around her lust for knowledge, understanding and friendship. She is both woman and child, and because of this—and not because of any "innocence" or "cuteness'—she is the veritable ideal of a being of remarkable grace, overflowing with courage, rebellion and erotic attraction.

Here, where Alice flourishes, the "dreaming eyes of wonder" sweep the chimneys of bourgeois/christian existence and allow our hands to penetrate the rose clouds at any hour, to touch the cheek of revery and love.

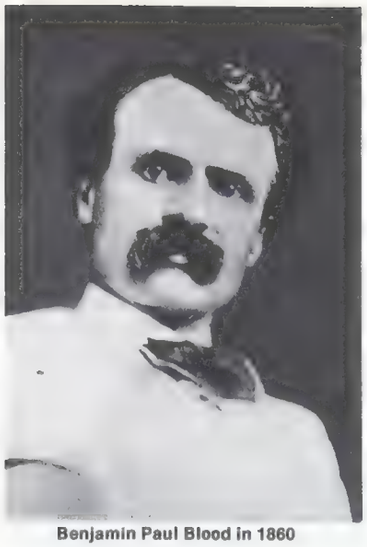
R. L. P.

Marilyn Monroe

Do you charge us with wanting to stop the exploitation of children by their parents? To this crime we plead guilty.
—Marx and Engels
(Communist Manifesto)

Marianne van HIRTUM: Vice-Versa

BUGS BUNNY



Benjamin Paul Blood in 1860

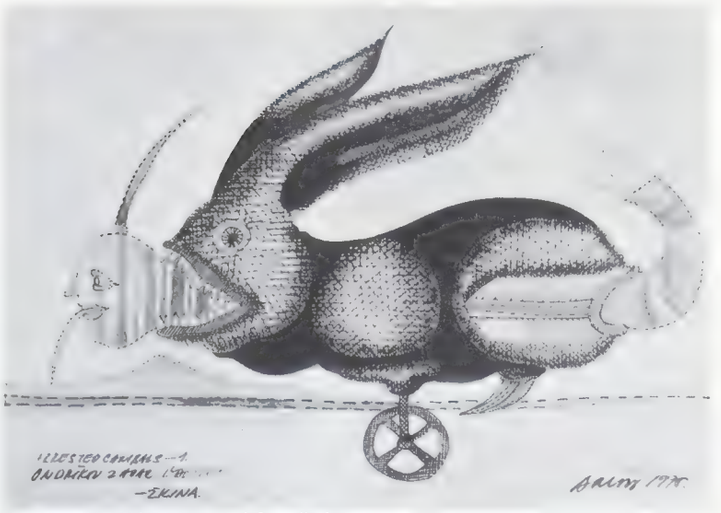
POEM

Fire
Is late
Or early;
Light
Is
Always
On time

Malcolm de CHAZAL

If you do not expect the unexpected,
you will not find it.

—Heraclitus



Karol BARON: Arrested Cannibals

THE PHILOSOPHERS' CARROT

It is no accident that all that is revolutionary and scandalous in the work of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel came to be symbolized, in a uniquely *umorous* way on the eve of the second world imperialist slaughter, by a little gray rabbit whose very name embodies a dialectical resolution of contradictions: Bugs (nickname of a notorious gangster), Bunny (almost a synonym for gentleness).

A more or less urbanized descendant of Br'er Rabbit, Bugs Bunny (whose ancestors include also Lewis Carroll's eccentric White Rabbit and the psychotic March Hare) is categorically opposed to wage slavery in all its forms. Content with a modest subsistence on the edge of the forest, his residence is marked only by a mailbox bearing the name Bugs Bunny, Esq. Aside from wondrous adventures that only rigorously applied laziness can lead to, his major "vocation" is pilfering carrots from the garden of a certain Elmer Fudd, and, more generally, heckling this same Fudd in ever new ways.

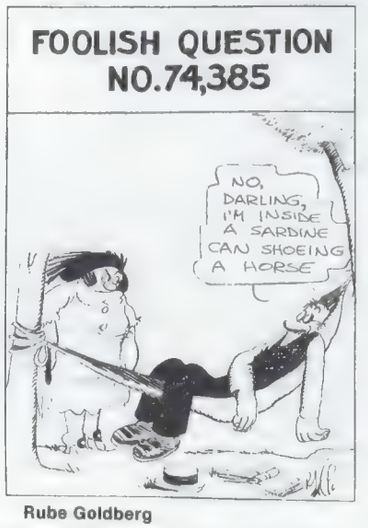
It is impossible to appreciate the genius of the world's greatest rabbit without understanding Fudd: this bald-headed, slow-witted, hot-tempered, timid, petty-bourgeois dwarf with a speech defect, whose principal activity is the defense of his private property. Fudd is the perfect characterization of a specifically modern type: the petty bureaucrat, the authoritarian mediocrity, nephew or grandson of Pa Ubu. If the Ubus (Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin) dominated the period between the two wars, for the last thirty years it has been the Fudds who have directed our misery: Fudds and more Fudds in the White House; Fudds on the Central Committees of the so-called Communist parties; all the popes have been Fudds; the best-selling novelists are all Fudds; Louis Aragon and Salvador Dali, beginning as anti-Fudds, degenerated into two of the worst of all possible Fudds. Almost alone against them all, Bugs Bunny stands as a veritable symbol of irreducible recalcitrance.

If the Bunny/Fudd choreography reflects a particular historic moment in the class struggle—a period of class "symmetry" in which the workers here and there win a few of their demands, only to be chased back into their holes in the ground—nonetheless the mythic content of this drama exceeds its original formal limitations. The very appearance on the stage of history of a character such as Bugs Bunny is proof that some day the Fudds will be vanquished—that some day all the carrots in the world will be ours.

Until then, one can scarcely imagine a better model to offer our children than this bold creature who, with his four rabbit's feet, is the good luck charm of total revolt. Confronted by any and all apologists for the status quo, Bugs Bunny always has the last word: "Don't think it hasn't been lovely, because it hasn't."

F.R.

Penelope ROSEMONT: The Magic Sneeze



Rube Goldberg

The Domain of Bugs Bunny
by
Franklin Rosemont

DUCHESS OF TOWERS

RETURN OF THE REPRESSED

In the fictitious annals of the "Criminal Lunatic Asylum" the name of one Mister Peter Ibbetson may be found listed among others locked up for the crime of all time: Dreaming True.

He was a relatively young man, whose life was by no means different from that of young men of today—full to bursting, I mean, with trivial distractions, a rudderless existence meandering on the waters of memory, the charming fan of foam known as childhood trailing from behind the boat of his life. Thus time passed, slipping imperceptibly through the fingers of one unable to come to grips with the handle of the preciousness of each moment, and with the possibility of self-destruction becoming increasingly possible each day—until reality tapped him gently on the shoulder, in the form of his name being called. Turning around, *he saw her*—"radiant and tall and swift."

Drawn together across the magnetic field of a social drawing room, as they (as they had yet to recall!) had once played together on the summer lawn of childhood many years before, now each knew—without knowing precisely why—that they would meet again, though neither knew how or when.

Only after killing his deceitful uncle/father (a wonderfully courageous crime, and fully justified in view of the psychological implications underlying the motives of freedom) did the hero of George du Maurier's marvelous tale of mad love find himself propelled through the mirror of appearances and onto the forbidden shore of realized desire.

A crime of passion here, a kiss in broad daylight there: The seriousness of such offenses can be gauged by the havoc they invariably provoke in those quarters renowned for their horror at any display of real human emotion. For it is *passion* in its most exalted sense that permits the ideal revenge on a "reality" as confining as prison.

In his cell, reclining on a cot, Peter Ibbetson fell asleep only to rise, phoenix-style—utilizing a technique known to initiates as Dreaming True—and then he soared, with a precision rivaling the movement of the planets, toward a collective dream, the catalyst of which awaited him on the "other side." This catalyst was the one responsible for all dreams that none can be sure they have not lived: the living specter of *pure provocation*, the Duchess of Towers.

B.R.

Brooke ROTHWELL: The Heights of Candor

Our desires presage the capacities within us; they are harbingers of what we shall be able to accomplish. What we can do and want to do is projected in our imagination, quite outside ourselves, and into the future. We are attracted to what is already ours in secret. Thus passionate anticipation transforms what is indeed possible into dreamt-for reality.

—J.W. von Goethe

The Domain of
The Duchess of Towers
by Brooke Rothwell
and Janine Rothwell

Paul HAMMOND: His First Dance

Our dreams are a second life.

—Gérard de Nerval

Bessie Smith

She's long, she's tall—
She's got just what it takes

—John Lee Hooker

LIPS ON EIGHT LEGS

Long seeing eye
piercing with burning light
your moon brain

We enter this dream
(of course a dream)
by way of floating silk stairs
within your castle

In this land guided are we by dragon guards
fiery tongues of fingers
along avenues
of the moon-bright pupil

Reclining sphinx-like
a spring sensusously contracts
and shivering webs of desire
burst forth

Intertwined are we and destined
to be stung
by the spider of love

Janine ROTHWELL

FANTOMAS

THE DESTINY OF EVIL

As the white cliffs of Dover dissolve into a sea of anticipated vengeance, Her Majesty's tuba-playing protectors catch a glimpse of a sinister shadow sizzling with rage. Through binoculars of blood rushing to their minds' eye they see (only for a second, but what a second!) the one who has entered the very heart of the secret of Evil, the Aboslute Enemy of Law and Order: Fantomas!

Fantomas is the elegant savage with the movements of an automaton. He is master of the fine arts of cruelty and crime; genius of escape and disguise; arsonist of the inner life turned inside-out. He is the not-quite-invisible marauder (now you see him, now you don't), the magical perfecter of unprecedented outrage, kin and heir of that man with lips of bronze, Maldoror. The names of these two lurkers in the blackest mirrors have come to symbolize a total scorn directed against a life too petty for words. Like Maldoror, Fantomas never got caught. Both are with us still, ageless, forever bursting with "the storms of youth."

Descriptions of Maldoror fit Fantomas like a safecracker's glove: "Today he is in Madrid, tomorrow he will be in St. Petersburg, yesterday he was in Peking. . . . This bandit is perhaps seven hundred leagues away from the country; perhaps he is a few steps away from you. . . Mesmerizing the flourishing capitals with a pernicious fluid, he reduces them to a state of lethargy in which they are not able to look out for themselves as they should: a state the more dangerous as it is unsuspected."

It is almost certain, however, that the creators of Fantomas did not know the work of Lautréamont. Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain were writers of what is too casually dismissed as "pulp" fiction. Fantomas was the hero of thirty-two volumes that were extremely popular, as was the great epic film version of Fantomas by Louis Feuillade. This popularity did not prevent true poets from recognizing what was at stake here. "From the point of view of imaginativeness," wrote Apollinaire, "*Fantomas* is one of the richest works in existence." René Magritte introduced Fantomas into his paintings and wrote of him with boundless admiration: "When memories pursue him he follows his arm, which drags him away. . . . He brushes aside any furniture or walls that are in his way. . . . We do not guess, and we cannot doubt, his powers."

Against all the blubbering traditions, far from the baboon-faced inspectors and cops in their cast-iron suits, beyond all reproaches emanating from a morality not his own, Fantomas remains the permanent outwitter of all that is merely "good," the nocturnal avenger of all dreams that are determined to stop at nothing.

Imaginary Portrait of Lautréamont by Felix Vallotton

Thomas ARNEL: The Gamblers (relief etching)

MENAGERIE OF WINGS

Your eyes revive the grist of sickles
plumes of frantic mosquitoes emboss an earring of blood
x-rayed under acquiline tents
whose glaciered frontage flints the careless edge of a guillotine
lamenting now upon your neck's derailment

From this aviary condemned to perpetual drought
your shadow sprinkles its human lake
over trysts
that otherwise suture my laugh expelled
to hunt in the vault's lasso
initial flowers of carbonized lust

Deranged by your absent gaze
I swivel about the resurrected platform
of sleeping larks
who dream
amulet of Sahara's mercurial bosom
Volcano of Maypoles
who embrace a menagerie of wings

Allan GRAUBARD

Robert DAY: Beneath a Black Sun

The forgiveness of God, a pretty turn of phrase to disturb us. But what can this hypocrisy do aginst free insolence fully developed?

—René Crevel

The Domain of Fantomas
by
Finn Lauge Thomsen

JULIETTE

Who is Juliette?

The night continues to impose its question, which will not be answered by the impudent light of daybreak. For it is at night, as the darkest clouds gather beofre the full moon to dance in the bacchanal of the celestial libertines, that one can hear the thunder of embraces, like chants of nature's charming extremity of lust. It is at night, too, that one may view, as it streaks toward the earth like a penetrating jet of carnal wine, the most marvelous lightning of love, forming—as always, when it strikes—the tempest of lions embodied in the letters of the name SADE.

Beneath this lightning Juliette prowls like a wild beast of prey in search of the blood of the lamb. She above all represents the qualitative supremacy of evil over good, pleasure over its absence, and freedom beyond all constraints. Given breath out of the exquisite skull of the "freest man who ever existed" (as Apollinaire called Sade), she is the perfect dream of this man whose dreams were outlawed—a woman as free as himself, whom he would never meet in "real life." Sade would receive instead twenty-eight years of imprisonment and two hundred years of censorship. But his dream has lived on as a *cause*, and it has lived on in the form of woman: in the form of Juliette, the representative of the rise of woman in particular (and the human animal more generally) from the bondage of a christian, patriarchal, capitalist world.

Like a magnificent bird of paradise in a jungle yet to be discovered, she sings: "There is no power, either divine or human, which dares oppose my desires. The past encourages me, the present electrifies me, and I have no fear of the future. So I have reason to hope that the rest of my life will be even more pleasurable than my youth. Nature only created man to conceive as much pleasure and enjoyment as the earth can offer. That is nature's most precious law, and will always be that of my heart. . . . Nature is regenerated only by evil deeds, winning back again the ground on which virtue has robbed her. Let us therefore obey Nature by siding with evil. The only crime for which Nature would never forgive us would be resistance. Oh, my friends, let us all obey these principles, for only in realizing them can we ever experience the true source of human happiness." Juliette will remain always a beacon for she is the *grand possibility* inherent in woman, gleaming like a transparent jewel, green with the nocturnal flight of bats, and libated by the breathless oxygen of the blackest rose—a jewel dangerously radiating *exalted thought* in a world otherwise infested with the vermin of cops, priests, and odiferous exploiters of every sort.

Who is Juliette?

J.-J. J. D.

↓ ↓ ↓

You never get nothing by being an angel child,
You better change your ways and get real wild.
. . .
'Cause wild women don't worry—
Wild women don't have the blues.

—Ida Cox

The Domain of Juliette
by
Jean-Jacques Jack Dauben
and Jocelyn Koslofsky

There are no limits to masculine egotism in ordinary life. In order to change the conditions of life we must learn to see them through the eyes of women.

—Leon Trotsky

Nadja's Eyes

LETTER TO A BRUTE

Purple line
Crayon noodle
Madness of dreaming
That really has nothing to do with love
A line of crayon
I will eat out your middle
Thin partition
Unreason of a scratch
What's in your hand then
God and confusion
Certain words revealed in the big room
Of the feverish women
Obstructions bars and moral options
Multiple faces of permanent madness
I have two holes with which to see and give
Two breasts at the bottom of my well

Joyce MANSOUR

Renold MONFIL: Haitian voodoo sculpture

Georg BROE: Lolita and the Poet

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

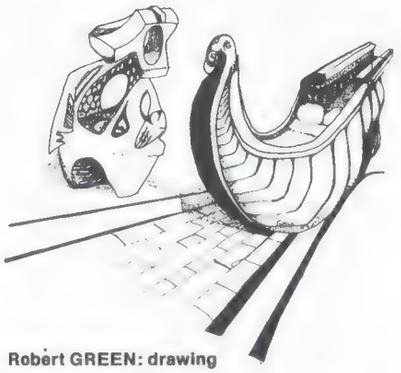
—William Blake

CONSULTATION

I have lived in circles of solitude
in support of my involved laughter
emerging from words
from an atmosphere of folded hands
and the half lip stroke of burnt respect
becoming noble while pounding an old love bone
in withered consultation
and without warning
i wiggle through dead hairs of dead gods
no change in volume
i too can be pain in the face of your body
speak to me about this confinement
this deep revelation
between pauses
and the earth fonk of discharge
pearl tongue submissions
pearl tongue submission of enslaved tears
manhood womanhood childhood
the zig zag message from my teeth
heard by my lips
bold against painted spirits
of hunchback fear
(as if i couldn't fly away from this road show of passing syringes)
No
it is the convulsions of limbs lying
in pose of a person
empty of all confidence
that will make the ritual invasion of death
spread like grease
through scalps of decorative hairdo's

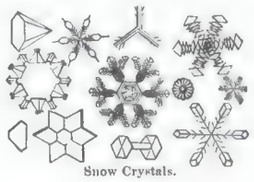
Jayne CORTEZ

DOCTOR FAUSTROLL

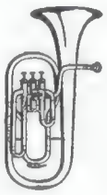


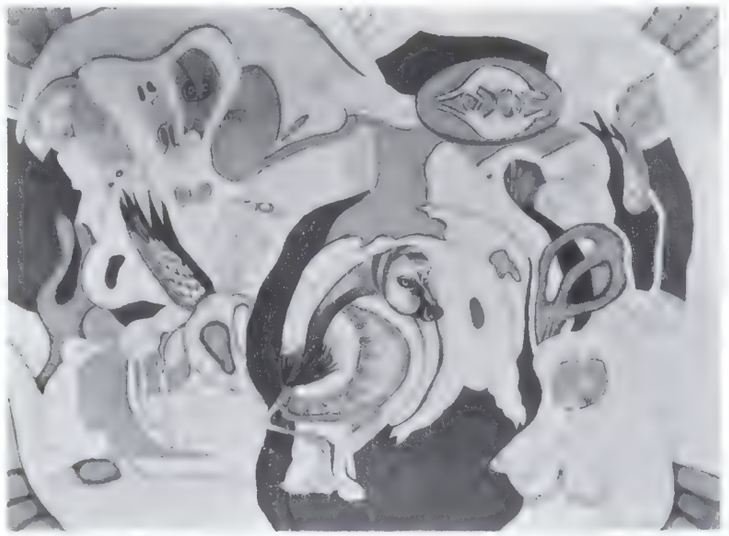
Robert GREEN: drawing

"But this bed, twelve meters long, is not a bed but a boat, shaped like an elongated sieve."
—Alfred Jarry,
Exploits and Opinions of
Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician



Snow Crystals.





Jerilyn JANDEGIAN: drawing

THE ISLE OF CRIMES

Here the snaky dwellers hurl the crusted impediments into the boiling sea. From this island domain the laws of the less-than-possible bleed into the waters of the mind.

Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician, is the central character of Alfred Jarry's "neo-scientific novel" which outlines "the universe supplementary to this one"; "a universe which can be—and perhaps should be—envisaged in place of the traditional one."

Leaning over the great bow of his boat, Faustroll defines the universe as "that which is the exception to oneself."

Baited by this hook we are snared and dragged far beyond the eye of science and metaphysics to a point where it is we who seem to have caught, with the charms of Pataphysics, a school of unshadowed thought—a lawless spirit bristling with treason:

"The sun is a cool, solid and homogeneous globe."

The flora and fauna that appear here have escaped the laws of science but exist nonetheless within the laws of the particular. Pataphysics is the science of the particular, of "the laws governing exceptions"; it is "the science of imaginary solutions" that Faustroll has drawn out on threads of quartz fiber woven into a mesh resembling a boat that is a sieve navigated by him from a great onyx table with fine instruments of astonishing accuracy, and propelled by Bosse-de-Nage (the dog-faced baboon) on dry land through the sometimes dark and narrow streets of Paris in search of the islands of Pataphysical data.

Faustroll was sixty-three years old when he was born in Circassia in 1898; he is a man of medium height or, to be absolutely accurate, of

$$(8 \times 10^{10} + 10^{9} + 4 \times 10^{8} + 5 \times 10^{6})$$

atomic diameters; he has golden yellow skin. He voyages (and takes us with him) to places where "the silver sky offers inverted reflections . . . , ships pass across the sky, upside-down and symmetrical toward invisible futures."

With a lobster and a can of corned beef around his neck, he is the surest guide to the infinitely unexpected:

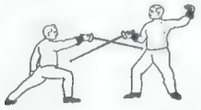
"The lighthouse of the isle of Cack is dark, subterranean and cloacal, as if it had looked at the sun too long. No waves break against it, and thus no sound guides one to it."

Yet from this silence there awakes burning emanations buried deep within the treasury: the transmutation of a rare metal compelling the defiant celebrants at a ceremony of freedom to cast a new mold of life.

Once cast, nothing can forestall the explosion of implications sired by the science of the exception, "which symbolically attributes the properties of objects, described by their virtuality, to their lineaments."

Or, in the immortal words of Bosse-de-Nage: "Ha ha!"

R.G.



The great question is the bringing to consciousness of the great question. The only secret is that there is no secret. . . . We are particulars in Nothing—or in a genus higher than entity and non-entity, whose nature resembles Nothing.

—Xenos Clark
(Letter to Benjamin Paul Blood)

Charles Fort

Schlechter DUVALL: Ubu in the Echo Chamber (woodcut)

a science of stampeding mermaids?
secret knowledge to suck the angles of crisp jade?
forbidden wisdom to throw the longest roads through the angriest exits?
—Joseph Jablonski

The Domain of Faustroll
by
Robert Green

HARPO MARX

THE SILENCE OF GOLD

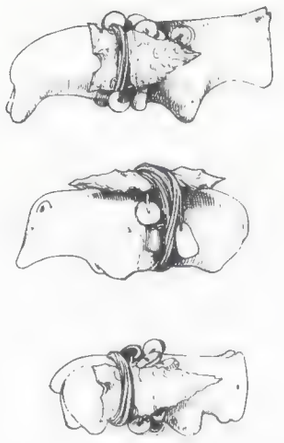
The lungs of laughter breathe dialectically. This must be so. And the black laughter of a trio of swords descends without caution into the depths of NO MORE RULES!

It is a silence of gold which Harpo Marx conforms to his "bag of tricks," a silence of gold which rises in a crowd to break the silence of alienation. Harpo Marx unifies social practice within a condition of boredom combined with sadistic foul play. This unification is his own projected social constitution based on a system of symbols guided by sublime love which wreaks havoc on an unsuspecting social order, invariably bourgeois. His pranks are those of a child who has not yet learned the rules of sexuality but is capable of advancing an erotic formula, worked out to the smallest detail, explicitly revolutionary, continually correct.

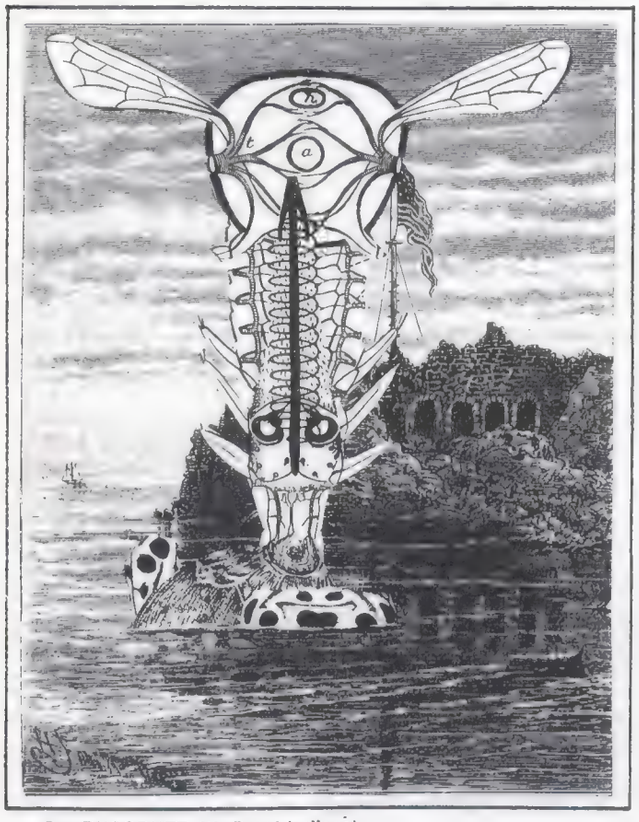
Harpo's position within the team of *The Marx Brothers* contrasts with that of his brothers in both style and object. The primary distinction is caused by his mythology: a combination of the myth of the child-woman, the imp of the perverse and Cupid. Harpo is myth. His very presence in a room or on a streetcorner creates a true image, one of illegality. One gets the impression that at any moment this imp will vanish forever from the dungeons of everyday life, leaving behind only a single token of his presence, hidden where we least expect it—hidden in a place so obvious and so commonplace that, once found, words such as "commonplace" and "obvious" will disappear forever from the tongues of man.

This is the domain of Harpo Marx. Enter as you please, but one word of warning: *It is forbidden to enter the pockets of Harpo Marx;* their secret is impenetrable.

T.B.



Zuni Hunting Fetishes



Guy DUCORNET: It's Born! (collage)

Pan.

I asked Philosophy how I should
Have of her the thing I would,
She answered me when I was able
To make the Water malliable,
Or else the way if I could finde
To mesure out a yard of Winde.
Then shalt thou have thyne own desire,
When thou canst weigh an ounce of Fire:
Unlesse that thou canst doe these three,
Content thyself, thou get'st not me.

—anonymous alchemical poem from Elias Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum, London,* 1652

Lyrebird. (½o)

Body clothed in a no-cloth robe,
Feet clad in turtle's fur boots,
I seize my bow of rabbit horn,
And prepare to shoot the devil Ignorance.

—Han-shan

The Domain of Harpo Marx
by
Thom Burns

Mortar and Pestle.

A.K. El JANABY: Homage to Buster Keaton

MELMOTH THE WANDERER

Thom BURNS and T.R. JOHNSON: collective drawing

Georges GRONIER: Waiting For Bird—
Homage to Charlie Parker (collage)

My chant must enclose hell
And yet never leave behind
Myself of touch and vow
My hour has come when
The brief gong of Greek gails
Have found the inner teeth alone

—Samuel Greenberg
(The Tusks of Blood, circa 1914)

Jivaro Object

Human knowledge advances by means of social revolutions. The rest is silence.
—Amadeo Bordiga

Paracelsus

I never desert my friends in misfortune. When they are plunged in the lowest abyss of human calamity, they are sure to be visited by me.

—Melmoth the Wanderer

BLACK STAR
SHAKEN FROM THE SKULL
OF THE INVISIBLES

Melmoth:
Wanderer among the fertilized and otherwise expectant evils to be encountered here and elsewhere;

Evaporator of chains holding back the pathfinders of the marvelous from the necessary freedom of their searches;

An interlocutor of surrealism capable of meeting the rigorous specifications of waging total and relentless war against all forces of counterrevolution;

Ripper of all reactionary throats with the winged and crystalline daggers of revolutionary clarity;

Mad gutter of all that stands against mad love, tending to open a universal passageway through flesh and blood as surely as through stone and the weeping wine-casks—not even the most distant stars will fail to fall into, and traverse, those exquisite thoroughfares, as legions in our armies!

It is only after developments such as those implied here that the pathfinders of the marvelous will rest—and while resting they will mate. Let us not overlook that in their mating is posited the only permissible revolutionary hope for the universe, utterly—from the gutters to the stars.

Melmoth:
An active guardian of desire's vigilance, and bringer of death to those foolish enough to make light of revolutionary and poetic intentions;

A beast-engine in search of love amid the delicate fleshes—those rancid and bitter jewels of life that attend our festivals or meet horror elsewhere.

* * *

The protagonist of the gothic horror *Melmoth the Wanderer* by Charles Robert Maturin (published in 1820) could be viewed vulgarly as just another behemoth in silk to have signed a blood-pact with the infernal powers (in this case for eternal youth). But let us here clearly mark that the superlatively evil forces unleashed by him and in his league during his agonizing wanderings—the ruthless powers of *otherness* of this man obsessed by the absolutes of the moral and physical universe—have rarely been appreciated for their true worth.

Searching everywhere, near and far, for a standard of celebrating life that would absolve him from the conditions of the illuminating devil-compact, but refusing to forfeit the pleasurable gains made during his ascension of the infernal, Melmoth opens all the forbidden fruits of existence and scatters the remains of the "all too human" along his path in a pathetic search for harmony through decadent but fiery wisdom—and in failing finds his harmony only in his annihilation.

"It is in the essence of symbols," said Jacques Vaché, "to be symbolic."

T.R.J.

Our revolution will not be a success until we have extirpated the myth of God from the human mind.

—V.I. Lenin

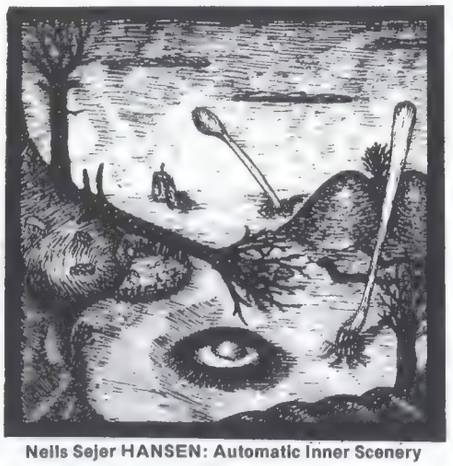
The Domain of Melmoth
by
T. R. Johnson

PEETIE WHEATSTRAW

Peetie Wheatstraw

Osiris.

Willy M. ANDERSSON: After the A-Bomb



Nells Sejer HANSEN: Automatic Inner Scenery

Ludwig ZELLER: Goethe's Soul Ascending in Victor Tatin's Airplane (collage)

LUCIFER'S LAUGHTER

William Bunch, known as Peetie Wheatstraw, the Devil's Son-in-Law and the High Sheriff from Hell, was a black poet and prospector of dreams. Using only his unique capacity for fantasy, a toolkit of the most awesome inagery and aggressive humor, he mined for a decade in search of anything he could unearth that might help to materialize the aims and objects of desire. As testimony to his endeavors, there are many copies of the eighty-plus blues recordings that he made before he was killed, as well as reminiscences of those whose cause he so ably served.

As might be expected in the repressive civilization within which he was forced to operate (as we are still), much of the opposition he encountered was from the petit-bourgeoisie ("Low-life is what he was. That's all") and of course from the most repressive institutions of this class: the family and the church. His brother was a church deacon: "Many a time I told him that that music was no good. I told him. I told him to leave it alone and come on back home. But he wouldn't. He wouldn't listen to a word I said. He even said he was going to quit once, but he didn't. He kept on."

Indeed:

Well, well, now, the next time you see me, I'll be the Devil's Son-in-Law.

Peetie Wheatstraw, good people, gonna put you all in the alley.

Everybody hollering, Here come that Peetie Wheatstraw.
Now, he's better known by the Devil's Son-in-Law.

I used to play slow, but now I play it fast.

My name is Peetie, I'm on the line, you bet.
I got something new that I ain't never told you yet.

According to the December 22, 1941 issue of the *East St. Louis Metro-Journal:* "William Bunch, 39, a Negro, known to 'jive' fans as 'Peetie Wheatstraw,' and two companions were killed at 11:30 a.m. Sunday when an automobile traveling at a high speed crashed into the rear end of [a] Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co. freight train standing on a siding at Third street and Illinois avenue. Bunch lived at 468A North Third Street."

P.G.

The Domain of
Peetie Wheatstraw
by Paul Garon

ROBIN HOOD

THE EXPROPRIATORS' FOREST

A merry bandit lurks behind every tree in the laughing forest of green gloves, the chosen shelter for the fraternity of outlaws. But this leafy paradise for lawbreakers and lovers proves to be only a baffling maze of contradictions to the forces of law, order and injustice.

Robin hood and his band lead a life of adventure, humor and love—a life free of the constraints of everyday misery, free above all of the necessity of work. Many scholars doubt that Robin Hood ever existed; others maintain that if there "really was" such a person, he must have lived around the year 1190. What is not to be doubted is that then, as now, the rich were robbing the poor to make themselves richer and the poor poorer. Robin Hood, the "prince of bandits," did his best to even the score a little—it was his pleasure to do so. As an early account says, "Poore men's goodes he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which he got from the abbeys and the houses of the rich." The Sheriff of Nottingham is tricked and tricked again, defeated not by force of numbers or by strength but by the superior intelligence of the bandits. Robin proves he is the best archer in England and escapes the trap set for him—as he escapes all traps.

Everyone knows, across these seven hundred years, the names of Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian and Alan-A-Dale, and their bold adventures. Sherwood Forest draws only those who would refuse to serve the tyrants, preferring to play and love and live outside the law. Scholars may doubt as they please, but they cannot reduce to legend others who, closer to us in time, have taken Robin Hood's path, such as Pancho Villa and Buenaventura Durruti, who link the bandits and peasant revolts of former times to the proletarian revolution of our own day.

Surrealists, and all true poets, take part in this outlaw tradition. Refusing to become the instruments of our own exploitation, we are willing and able to use the red science of expropriation and the green mathematics of humor. We take the degenerate commodities of this society and reassemble them as images of dreams—as the spirit of the future. Surrealist objects and collages embody this subversive spirit, just as collective drawings and surrealist games negate the rampant "individualism" of bourgeois society in favor of revolutionary fraternization.

The Marvelous is our Sherwood Forest: a source of ceaseless discovery and inspiration, it protects us from the brutalizing forces of the mundane, while it baffles and tricks the fools and tyrants whose "real" and "rational" lies are only targets for the arrows of poetic revolt.

P.R.

Emiliano Zapata
by
J.G. Posada

Franklin ROSEMONT:
collage

POEM

Flowers
Are
Near-sighted
Without
Their leaves

Malcolm de CHAZAL

In a greene Arbour made of yellow starch,
Betwixt two Brokers howling Madrigales,
A banquet was served in of Lampraies bones,
Well Pickel'd in the tarbox of old time.

. . .

Turning thrice round, and stirring not a jot,
He threw five tunne of red hot purple snow. . . .
—John Taylor, the Water-Poet
("News from No-Place," early 1600s)

Jean-Claude CHARBONEL: Diver from the Latent Forests

SATURDAY HALFMOON

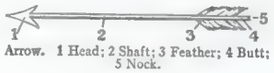
The wind has blown the boredom through the trees of hate, leaving behind emus. The sweet breath of wolves cracks the door to the ship of the sun, and yet, what can one lift with golden teeth of sponge, squeezed whole out of the crusts of light stolen from the mirrors drifting on the blazing faces? The sound of the moon was heard by seahorses waiting to be delivered to glass-covered teepees, to smoke glowing ruby-like fish-eggs which melt one by one as the fiery stagecoach passes like a match in front of a blind man's eyes, through the door of a wave opening to reveal the titanic dragonflies caused by a speeding arrow through the jungle of thought, eventually striking the ear of injustice.

13 September 1975 *(collective text)*

Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN *Franklin ROSEMONT*
Paul GARON *Penelope ROSEMONT*
Jocelyn KOSLOFSKY *Brooke ROTHWELL*
Ronald L. PAPP *Janine ROTHWELL*

Wherever you find injustice, the proper form of politeness is attack.

—T-Bone Slim



Arrow. 1 Head; 2 Shaft; 3 Feather; 4 Butt; 5 Nock.

The Domain of Robin Hood
by
Penelope Rosemont

T-BONE SLIM

Ever since the black cat of repressed desire crossed the path of civilization, the only lucky winners in the "great game" have been those who have had nothing to lose, and who, moreover, have broken all the rules. . .

Although his satirical songs "The Popular Wobbly," "The Mysteries of a Hobo's Life," and "I'm Too Old to be a Scab" are among the best-loved lyrics in The Little Red Songbook of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), little is known about their author, the elusive figure known to the world as T-Bone Slim. The lack of information is all the more striking because, as Fred Thompson notes in *The IWW: Its First Fifty Years,* T-Bone Slim was the IWW's "most noted columnist." His contributions to IWW publications, spanning twenty-four years, would fill a large book. And an extraordinary book it would be too, for T-Bone's writing has a unique flair, a deep humor, and a sharp awareness of the poetic essence of language. These are the characteristics that make his pamphlet *Starving Amidst Too Much* (a critique of the food-packing industry) perhaps the greatest work by an IWW writer.

The gaps in the story of T-Bone Slim are larger than the story itself. Fred Thompson tells us that T-Bone's real name was Matt Valentine Huhta, that he was an Ashtabula (Ohio) Finn, and that he died in October 1942, drowning while working as a barge captain in New York. Another IWW old-timer, Carl Keller, recalls that for T-Bone the customary proletarian mistrust and dislike of capitalists, cops and priests took on a personal intensity—that he had something of a "persecution complex," especially during sojourns in the cities; he was, by contrast, completely at ease riding freights through the open countryside.

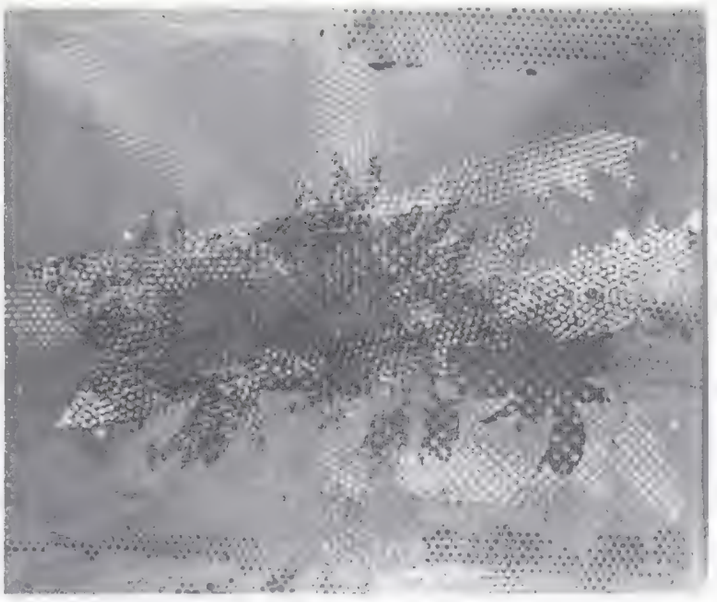
T-Bone Slim lived always in the shadows, always on the move. Visiting one day at the IWW Work People's College in Duluth, a few days later he might drop by a hobo jungle outside Chicago, next day at a flophouse in Detroit, the following week on the Bowery in New York and two months later on Seattle's Skid Road.

A "missionary," he belonged to that tribe of "moralists who roamed the villages starving," invoked by Lautréamont. But the morality he preached and practiced was the revolutionary morality of class war, of the abolition of wage slavery. To this struggle he brought a defiant and restless poetry, committed to paper (as Fred Thompson relates) "as the ideas struck him, with no particular sequence." Faithful always to his dreams and to the dreams of his class, T-Bone Slim left his disquieting laughter etched forever in the haunted mirrors of modern mythology.

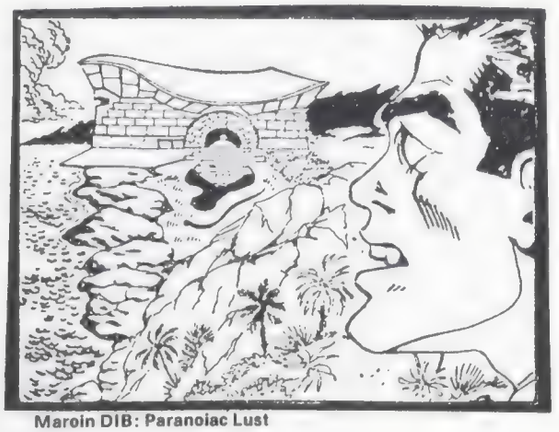
I laugh, in tears, and hope without a hope;
I take comfort in harsh despair;
I rejoice, and have no pleasure;
I am strong, without strentgh or power;
Eagerly welcomed, and rebuffed by all.

—François Villon

The Domain of T-Bone Slim
by
Tristan Meinecke



Gerome KAMROWSKI: Wind Painting



Maroin DIB: Paranoiac Lust

You wandered across the verbal sand
tying red ribbons to oblivion
. . .
You rewrote the script of darkness to
throw at the dismal light of day

—Franklin Rosemont
("Homage to T-Bone Slim")

The Shadow

Shirley VOLL: The Black Cat

ON THE ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD SURREALIST EXHIBITION

The first *Surrealist Manifesto,* by André Breton, appeared in 1924. The first surrealist exhibition took place next year in Paris, with nine participants from six countries. Effecting a more direct intervention than is possible through publications alone, major international exhibitions completely under the direction of the movement have played an important role in the diffusion of surrealist thought. These must be sharply distinguished from "surrealist" shows staged by museums, universities and galleries which, under various pretexts — didacticism, retrospection, etc.—are wholly confusional. One of the worst of these was the 1968 "Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage" fiasco assembled by Prof. Rubin at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, denounced by the surrealists in the U.S. as an entirely *repressive* effort "designed to obliterate the revolutionary character of surrealism, to immerse the entire movement in pseudo-critical formaldehyde." (1)

Surrealist perspectives, inseparable from the framework of world revolution, have been global from the very beginning. "It does not at all appear impracticable to us," Breton wrote in 1932, "to organize in the four corners of the earth a fairly extensive scheme of resistance and experiment. This plan, as regards its modes of application, cannot be settled until there has been an interchange of the innermost desires of the live youth of all countries, and an estimate of the subversive forces that may be unleashed when it shall be applied at one given point." (2) Or as Benjamin Péret observed: "Surrealism tends to infiltrate every country like the materialist dialectic to which it is intimately allied." (3)

As is well known, the international organization of surrealism assumed, during the years 1929-39, a formidable coherence and centralization. The movement as a whole, and especially the group in France (which, let it be noted, included many members who were not French), conducted itself with rigorous discipline which did not, contrary to widespread misconceptions, inhibit individual initiative but rather enhanced and reinforced such initiative within a fraternal collectivity. Critics would feign a shrill irony referring to the surrealist "party," no less; Breton was likened to Robespierre and to Lenin. This was the critics' way of acknowledging that the surrealists, as a group of writers and painters, were fundamentally different from all others. The exclusions from the movement, which aroused such pious indignation, were an indispensable minimum precaution to assure the maximum degree of integrity and combativeness.

The obstacles to organization on the international plane—geographical separation of collaborators; differences in language; persecution, governmental and other; lack of finances; etc.—are of course very real. Inevitably these obstacles have been reflected in the international exhibitions. Of the 1936 London exhibition Breton, in "Limits Not Frontiers of Surrealism," remarked that it had been impossible, although fourteen countries were represented, to include "the particularly important collaboration of the Japanese."

These obstacles loomed much larger during the war. When Breton and others organized an exhibition in New York in 1942 they were unable to represent many of the most active and significant figures. It is hardly necessary to add that surrealism did not "end" in 1939, as some professional liars maintain. On the contrary, as a revolutionary current of thought and action, with important nuclei in many countries, surrealism would survive the imperialist holocaust as a veritable island of audacity and integrity in a sea of accomodation and hypocrisy.

The war took its toll to be sure. Not a few surrealists were shot by the Gestapo or died in concentration camps; many were forced underground or into exile. Some, alas, turned their backs on all they had stood for, adapting themselves to the old regimes: democratic, fascist, Stalinist. Leading figures of the Belgian group, including Magritte and Nougé, decided at the end of the war to line up in the Communist Party; the briefness of this lamentable experiment made it no less symptomatic. Others retreated less ostentatiously, becoming "artists" — "unaffiliated," of course—or worse, art *critics.* Several of the most active groups disbanded, among them those of Chile, Egypt and England. Individuals there would remain faithful to the cause; but the surrealist presence has not regained, in those countries, the position it had, when it was organized and collective.

The war also released new energies. Groups, some of them illegal, flourished in Argentina, Czechoslovakia, Portugal and Romania; positive signs came from many other countries. The 1940s brought the adherence to surrealism of Aimé Césaire, Malcolm de Chazal, Jean-Pierre Duprey, Arshile Gorky, E.F. Granell, Jindrich Heisler, Gerome Kamrowski, Philip Lamantia, Clarence John Laughlin, Clément Magloire-Saint-Aude, Octavio Paz, Dorothea Tanning and others. The French group had an impressive resurgence. Among the fifty-two who signed its 1948 tract, "To Your Kennels, Curs of God," were many of the "old guard"—Hans Bellmer, Victor Brauner, André Breton, Pierre Mabille, Jehan Mayoux, Benjamin Péret and Toyen—but most were younger, in their late teens or their twenties.

Because of the unique historic prestige of the French group, led by Breton, it was natural that it would take the lead in international coordination, as it had before the war. The 1947 exhibition in Paris, the largest up to then, included eighty-seven exhibitors, and over twenty authors of texts for the catalog. A "Surrealist Solution" committee was established (with offices on the Rue Dragon) which, in addition to resuming activity comparable to that undertaken by the Bureau of Surrealist Research in the 1920s, attempted to develop a greater international cooperation and cohesion.

The "spiritual climate" in postwar France generated hostility more implacable than ever toward surrealism (toward *all* that was revolutionary). Existentialist "despair" was the fashion, well suited to the mood of capitalist restabilization, to the rise of DeGaulle, to the usual Stalinist treachery more treacherous than ever. The French Surrealist Group in 1948 experienced a severe internal crisis, resulting in two major splits that considerably decreased the membership. The "Pastoureau affair," two years later, culminated in the exclusion of a sizable literary-oriented right-wing faction. At this period the French surrealists were without a periodical of their own. Apart from five issues of the news sheet *Néon* and a brief collaboration on the anarchist paper *Le libertaire,* it was only in occasional tracts and pamphlets that they could express themselves collectively.

In such conditions internationalism inevitably suffered. Individuals from many countries continued to emigrate to Paris (Jean Benoit and Mimi Parent from Canada, Gherasim Luca from Romania, Jindrich Heisler and Toyen from Czechoslovakia), but exchanges between groups in different countries became fewer. Several groups functioned in clandestine circumstances that militated against such exchanges: Stalinist governments and fascist governments alike outlawed public surrealist manifestations.

A sort of "subjective" tendency toward insularity on the part of the French group—at least on the part of some younger members who had begun to assume a greater share in the group's direction—seems to have combined with the "objective" isolation of groups that could not act openly, aggravating the fragmentation of surrealism as a united world force. Surrealist *thought,* of course, never ceased to spread. New groups continued to emerge, but generally were isolated from most if not all other groups. All signs everywhere pointed (as they still point) to the growing seriousness of the crisis of the imagination—a crisis that reduces itself to the crisis of surrealist intervention. But this intervention has been handicapped by the absence of an organically centralized surrealist international.

André Breton was sixty in 1956. In far from perfect health, he had found it necessary to leave the directing role to younger members of the French group. It would be unforgivable to criticize Breton for this decision, or to charge him with any responsibility for the unhappy events that followed. The inflexible integrity, inspired lucidity and profound courage that characterize his whole life place him completely beyond all such reproaches. In his last years, at any rate, he made it abundantly plain, over and over, that he desired and expected the continuity and extension of surrealism as a united international movement.

At his side in those years, however, were several others who—as is unmistakably clear now—shared a fundamental orientation that was nothing less than opportunist and liquidationist.While Breton was alive these tendencies were kept in check. But there were signs that could have been perceived as warnings of what was to come. That the 1959 "Eros" exhibition, for example, included works by two of the ignoblest miserabilists of them all—Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg—must be regarded as one of the worst tactical errors in the history of the movement. Also disturbing is the fact that the last International Surrealist Exhibition to be designated such, the *l'Ecart absolu* of 1965-66, was international only retrospectively; its ninety-three works included *nothing* from surrealists living in Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, Japan, Portugal, the Arab countries, South America or the U.S.

Breton died in September 1966. Less than two and a half years later the French group announced its formal dissolution.

Meanwhile, the rest of the world witnessed an unprecedented surrealist resurgence.

Throughout the 1960s the Czech group, long reduced to silence and circumspection by the Stalinist regime, took advantage of the brief "liberalization" to produce a substantial literature and several exhibitions. This activity ceased with the arrival of the Russian tanks in August 1968, but not before revealing the admirable richness and diversity of Czech surrealism.

In Portugal, similarly, the end of the oldest fascist regime on 25 April 1974 permitted the surrealists to act publicly without concessions for the first time. A leading figure of the group, Mario Cesariny, traced the history of surrealism in Portugal in his *Intervencao Surrealista.* Recent exhibitions and agitations—as well as the Portuguese participation in the

present exhibition—demonstrate conclusively that Lisbon remains one of the central points on the surrealist trajectory.

The Tokyo Surrealist Studies Group was formed in the late 1950s around Shuzo Takiguchi, whose surrealist activity began in 1928. Attracting many younger poets, painters and intellectuals, this informal group has affirmed and developed the long and fertile tradition of surrealist subversion in Japan.

Several young exiles from Iraq, Syria and other Arab countries, building on the foundations laid by the important Egyptian Surrealist Group of the 1940s, have recently reconstituted the Arab Surrealist Movement. Centered for the moment in Paris, this group—one of the boldest and most active—produces a journal, *Le Désir Libertaire,* in which its anti-religious, anti-capitalist, anti-Stalinist, anti-nationalist, anti-miserabilist positions are expressed with incendiary lucidity.

Small groups or significant nuclei were formed, and still exist, in Amsterdam, Copenhagen, London, Lyon. Not a word has been heard from the group in Sao Paolo since the consolidation of the rightist state regime; a group of Chilean exiles, however, maintains an active nucleus in Toronto.

Last but not least, surrealist activity in the U.S. began in 1966, when a group was formed in Chicago. Beginning with a small nucleus, the Surrealist Movement in the U.S. is today, numerically, the largest section of the international and, apart from the Arab group, the only one publishing a journal *(Arsenal/Surrealist Subversion).*

The American group, more than any other, has attempted to develop the movement internationally, restoring the global perspectives defined in the quotations of Breton and Péret given earlier in this article. The surrealists of this country in their first published document stressed the need for "close international collaboration. . . . assuring greater cohesion and thus multiplying the possibilities for action." (4) The same text proposed an international surrealist exhibition to be held in Chicago.

It has taken ten years to realize this proposal. If the World Surrealist Exhibition is the result of a year and a half of intensive discussion and planning, it might more aptly be called the result of a whole decade of struggles on many fronts—for clarification of perspectives, for a firm rallying to principles, for the development of a coherent, efficacious surrealist international. In this decade those who were determined to go forward had to leave behind others who mistakenly thought they had laurels to rest on. Strikingly, at the very moment that the epigones were solemnly pronouncing surrealism to be "historically finished," the surrealists in the U.S. declared, "What remains for surrealism to do far exceeds what surrealism has done." (5)

Those words could be considered the "platform" on which the World Surrealist Exhibition has been organized. If the surrealists in the U.S. took the initiative in proposing this project—and later, after receiving the enthusiastic support of virtually every group and numerous individuals, undertook the practical work of its preparation and physical arrangement—this does not diminish the invaluable assistance of dozens of comrades throughout the world. Without exaggeration this, the most international of all surrealist exhibitions, is also the most collectively organized.

Continuity of a movement always requires more than a continuity of persons. It is significant, nonetheless—and a source of genuine pride and pleasure for our movement—that the World Surrealist Exhibition has among its most active organizers and participants many comrades whose adherence to surrealism preceded the Second World War and whose fidelity to its aims and principles therefore has stood the tests of time and events.

It is appropriate to list here, for purposes of information, those who have taken part most extensively in the discussions and debates—those who have shared most appreciably in the organization of the World Surrealist Exhibition.

★ Correspondent for the Arab Surrealist Movement has been Abdul Kader El Janaby, director of the journal *Le Desir Libertaire.*

★ Correspondent for the surrealists of Denmark has been Steen Colding, whose first article defending this movement is dated 1935. Author of *The Laughter That Never Was Laughed* and numerous important essays, Colding is today Danish correspondent for the Phases movement. On account of illness, he delegated the actual organization of the Danish participation to the young poet and writer Ulf Gudmundsen, who in turn enlisted the assistance of Georg Broe, founder and leader of the group Surrealisterne.

★ Correspondent for the surrealists of England has been Conroy Maddox, painter and collagist, author of *The Exhibitionist's Overcoat,* a leading figure of English surrealism since he joined the movement in 1939. Representative of the English group at the International Exhibition in Paris 1947, he is today closely associated with the surrealists in the U.S. and collaborates on their journal, *Arsenal.*

★ Because of the particular situation of surrealism in France today, it was necessary—as was suggested by Mme. Elisa Breton—to invite participation on an individual basis. Particular assistance in this regard was lent by Jean Benoit, Micheline Bounoure, Guy Flandre, Marianne van Hirtum and Mimi Parent, all of whom have long been active in surrealism. The series of Parallel Collages were sent by the "Bulletin de Liaison Surréaliste" group.

★ Correspondents for the surrealists of Japan have been Shuzo Takiguchi and Jun Ebara. Takiguchi, who has translated several of Breton's works into Japanese, has been a leading surrealist poet and theorist since 1928. Ebara, poet and writer, translated the *Abridged Surrealist Dictionary* into Japanese; currently he lives in Paris.

★ Correspondent for the surrealists of Portugal has been Mario Cesariny, a major figure in the Portuguese group since it began in the early 1940s. Author of many volumes of poems and essays, he is also a painter and has translated Rimbaud's *Illuminations* into Portuguese. He collaborates on *Arsenal* and *Phases.*

★ Every surrealist in the U.S. naturally has taken part in this project; most active have been the group in Chicago: Thom Burns, Jean-Jaques Jack Dauben, Paul Garon, Robert Green, T.R. Johnson, Jocelyn Koslofsky, Jacinto Minot, Ronald L. Papp, Franklin Rosemont, Penelope Rosemont, Brooke Rothwell, Janine Rothwell, Debra Taub and Finn Lauge Thomsen. To these names should be added those of comrades in other cities: E.F. Granell in New York (who also arranged for the participation of several surrealists from Spain); Joseph Jablonski in Harrisburg; Philip Lamantia and Nancy Joyce Peters in San Francisco; and Clarence John Laughlin in New Orleans.

* * *

As has been the case in most surrealist exhibitions, this one includes a number of participants who are not directly involved in surrealism in its explicit and organized manifestations, but whose orientation and activity are essentially surrealist. This category is a broad one: It includes many whose ideas are consciously inspired by surrealism but who, for one reason or another, have not adhered to a surrealist group, as such; it includes others who are unaware of surrealist theory, but whose best work is nonetheless surrealist, sometimes "despite themselves"; it includes also "naives," "primitives," the "insane" and children—i.e., those who are relatively free of the dead weight of "cultural norms" and therefore able to express themselves (and their world) with a vitality and freshness that is wholly surrealist in spirit.

★ The Phases movement, formed in 1953, is consciously surrealist-oriented; among its closest collaborators are surrealists from many countries. Our correspondent for Phases has been Edouard Jaguer, founder of this important international current of plastic and poetic researches, and editor of its journal, *Phases.* Author of several poetic volumes and a study of modern sculpture, Jaguer was co-organizer, with André Breton, of the "Surrealist Intrusion in the Enchanters' Domain" in New York, 1960-61.

★ Also represented are the leading figures of a too-little-known but significant group of Chicago "automatists"—Eve Garrison and Tristan Meinecke, active since the 1930s. Unaware till recently of surrealist aims and principles (which is not surprising, since the effort to falsify surrealism was hardly less systematic in Roosevelt's or Eisenhower's America than it was in Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia, though here, of course, the falsification was achieved "democratically"), and independent of the "New York School," these painters followed through *entirely on their own* that "great line" extending from Seurat and Van Gogh through Picasso and Kandinsky to Arp and Miro.

★ Paintings and sculptures by nearly twenty Haitian "primitives," whose work is permeated with the splendor and fire of voodoo, have been kindly loaned by Paul Waggoner of the Gallery 2269 in Chicago.

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Many of the photographs in this catalog were taken by Allen Koss.

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NOTES

(1) "The Heritage We Reject" in *Surrealist Insurrection* No. 3 (Chicago, 1968). Excerpts of this statement appeared in French translation in *L'Archibras* No. 6 (Paris, 1968).
(2) "Surrealism Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" in *This Quarter,* Surrealist Number (1932).
(3) "Le surréalisme internationale" in *Cahiers d'art* No. 5-6 (Paris, 1935).
(4) "Situation of Surrealism in the U.S." This text, written in spring 1966 to acquaint André Breton and the Paris group with the orientation of the surrealists of the U.S., was published in French translation in *L'Archibras* No. 2 (Paris, 1967). It appeared in English in *The Morning of a Machine Gun* (Chicago, Surrealist Editions, 1968).
(5) "Manifesto on the Position & Direction of the Surrealist Movement in the United States" in *Arsenal / Surrealist Subversion* No. 1 (Chicago, 1970).

Adrien DAX: drawing

THE UPSHOT OF ANY POETIC EVIDENCE

It seems that surrealism in the Arab world is destined to achieve the material rehabilitation of what history has already signified: a concrete blasphemy, as exemplified by the first surrealist act attempted fifteen centuries ago by the heretics of that time, the Karmathians, who believed in a pleasure-deriving concept of subversion:

Desire has a rare old time
When the oppressive elements are away.

Indeed, it is with the ink of practice that such a creative induction from the established society would be written.

The first step in carrying out this concept was to conquer Mecca and to take over the Kaaba, the sacred shrine. The second step was to make a thorough examination of the Kaaba, and to strip off its established value, i.e., the Black Stone, the most sacred Islamic fetish, which representes only the established value, now as then. The aim of this scandalous aesthetic was the removal of the Black Stone, which they intended to throw into the sea.

Thus the Kaaba was to be no longer a portrait of alienation but a comfortable stable for the Karmathians' horses.

This exact replica of once upon a time is precisely what lends itself to our "artistic" activity. It encourages the external to be analogous to the internal.

A. K. EL JANABY

FROM BEHIND THE SPHINX

During the last century there existed a happy painting: the painting of history. Painters painted large pictures and obtained great recognition. History is unkind; it forgot both. The last sparkle of historic painting is its mirage in our time, and once more it enjoys popular and official applause. This is because the painting of history moves neither the mind nor the feelings. It goes only as far as the outer eye, and there it halts. Our century continues to be one of frontiers. To go beyond is still dangerous.

The wheel, the lever and atomic disintegration are historic events, as was the discovery of America, Napoleon's coronation or Spain's Civil War. Aiding history, sociology or the laboratory, the painter fills a meritorious role (as a citizen, not as an artist).

Painters of history use the physical eye. Physics develops, the eye does not. A physical painting is sensorial, ocular, ophthalmologic. The senses, as history, have little memory. Instinctively they defend themselves from forgetfulness with size and quantity: with statistics.

The human being continues to be human and not a cipher. It continues to have a brain. Painting is mental, as Leonardo once said. And Duchamp confessed his preference for pictorial ideas rather than for the physical aspect of painting. I agree with both.

With the help of the microscope it is possible to see larger, but not deeper, and not the invisible. The physical eyes confirm; they do not discover. The indispensable eyes of the painter still are those "drawn in his entrails," as the poet and painter—Juan de la Cruz—said.

E.F. GRANELL

SURREALIST IMPLICATIONS OF CHANCE

The intensification of seemingly "bizarre" coincidences or accidental phenomena is a tendency reported by most if not all surrealists as a feature of their initiatory experiences. Only to a limited degree could this be attributed to the influence of works such as *Nadja* and *L'Amour fou.* For myself I can state that Breton's testimonials served only to corroborate and revalorize the conviction I had gained early in my youth: that the world at times liked to mock us with strange and sometimes prophetic correspondences, usually unrelated to "practical" issues.

The telling of these "coincidences" seldom conveys the feeling that often accompanies them, especially when the component of expectancy has been involved. There is a series that has frequently occurred to me: feeling of expectancy—strong image—renewed expectancy—corresponding image. This kind of series is always swift, intrusive and accidental. More than once the expectancy was accompanied by a vague feeling that some bizarre conjunction was immediately forthcoming, and so it was. Such experiences have even intruded on my casual musings relating to the very phenomena I am now discussing; e.g., when I am thinking to myself how I have not witnessed any peculiar coincidences lately. In other words, the "speak of the devil" effect.

It should be accepted, then, that a disquieting inevitability had to enter into our pursuit of chance series. The signals are all in the wind. Many were placed there long ago by people who did not know us. We were taught to read them by those who did not know they taught us. I read them mostly without even knowing it, until. . . .

In pointing to desire as the key to those events, Breton opened the door to their ultimate elucidation. We must proceed further through the tunnel debarred by that key to discover what liberating gnosis awaits us at the next stages of the search.

That desire attempts to orchestrate perception in much the same way that it orchestrates the dream and other manifestations of pure psychic automatism, is an insight owing much to Freud. There is reason to believe that psychoanalysis will be of indispensible theoretical assistance, for it reveals, among other things, the orientation of the ego and consciousness in relation to the psychic instinctual forces and the experiences of the individual. It is able to inform us of the censorship, distortion and repression that give the conscious ego its limited perspective in relation to all the data available from the senses and from memory. Equally important is the conceptual dynamic of conscious, unconscious and preconscious that can be immediately applied to the anaysis of accidental correspondences.

It also seems valid to scrutinize some ideas of supposed esoteric origin that frequently turn up in books on the occult—for instance, the general belief among occultists in "mystical knowledge" or the "higher powers" of the mind. Phenomenologically, this belief may be regarded as a concept of expanded consciousness; psychoanalytically, it can mean only a total destruction of any existing psychic defenses against consciousness. The eastern practice of rapid recapitulation of knowledge (involving the focusing on a distinct object and calling to mind immediately all that one knows about it, including its associations) is evidently derived from such a notion.

Assuming the possibility of becoming adept at this sort of instantaneous recapitulation, does not Idries Shah's suggestion, that certain sages have been able to know past and future events by such means, become at least plausible? What is implied is simply the accumulated cognitive effect of the total availability of peripheral and unconscious data that are normally unavailable because of the ubiquitous defenses against consciousness.

The prospect of subliminal or indirect channels of perception brings with it the prospect of subliminal communication of the most intricate kinds. This is a situation of which the sage may be said to have understanding, while the seer or poet maintains a vivid mediation with occulted things via desires largely unknown to him. In the case of strange coincidences, one may posit a corresponding heightening of the process of peripheral attentiveness and of obsessive selectivity (desire) in focusing and acting.

Of course, from the psychoanalytic point of view, the exercise of recapitulation as described above could not succeed in the case of individuals who are subject to enormous repressions, as are most individuals in our present-day society. In spite of this, the surrealists' experiences with chance encounters and the whole range of objective chance prove that the milieu and the living works of the movement have the effect of spontaneously breaking down some of the barriers. There is the implication of instantaneous linkages between conscious, preconscious and unconscious images, words and feelings. There is the implication that relationships of data on a number of levels can have the effect of short-circuiting limitations of space and time. There is the implication of a variety of secret languages we all speak to one another through things, gestures and words that only remain to be discovered.

Not one of these implications is admissible for long without the others. The greatest implication is summed up in the phrase "crisis of consciousness," signaling the collapse of the slaughterhouse of bourgeois rationalism: all alleged facts lie before our vision.

Surrealists in the past initiated consciously directed research and exploration in these zones, but the changing fortunes and struggles of a turbulent twentieth century have always intervened and limited the results that were obtained. A research bureau to inaugurate and coordinate projects may be feasible in the near future; it is an opportunity that will be awaited with anxious anticipation.

The marvelous resources of human consciousness can be made available only through an enlargement of human freedom, the eradication of barriers to the mutual stimulation of perceptions and images. The interference of the reality principle in this process is intolerable. From now on the resources of objective chance must be developed as allies in the total struggle, as surrealist weapons for the conquest of liberty.

Liberty for the mind and all that resembles it.

More Light!

Joseph JABLONSKI

Penelope ROSEMONT: The Two Mysterious Brothers

E.F. GRANELL: Inauguration of the Volcano

VIBRATION

There is a wind torturing bats
there are the scorched feet of dead suns
the city spun into the sea
where the gulfs of the pterodactyl beckon
there is a whorl of terror livening my mind
there's the hum-whirr of the skeleton of solitude
where angry corpses flower in a bottle
and red weapons vanish into mirrors

I look back by the blade of my double
there *flies—through its eye—*The Hanged Man
where a pyramid of water hovers in the dark victuals of the inner life

TO BEGIN THEN, NOT NOW

The skylight drowns
as you walk into my voice
carrying a box of flames
entirely secretive
you tap open by the charmed hairpin
of the mysteries of sleep

AT THE EMU'S DOMAIN

for Franklin Rosemont

Like the open grave radiating a laughing rutabaga
and the carrot tearing the arena to shreds
somewhat like a tree stamping its foot on a square-eyed leopard
moons and bread vie for flavor among the diamond-hearted

Across the lake of being the wind is smoking tubular flames
Chains are braiding cormorants
The placentas refracted at the uninhabited tower in the squall
replace the Street of Marvels submerged again to its hidden exit
while the city wakes up as a flower of loving knights

THE UNCERTAIN SCIENCES

1 *The monoliths fly from the central desert*
1.1 *Smelling of monkshood*
1.11 *And disgorging smoke of iron and wheezing flax*
1.12 *Raining hair of oyster and typewriter of split pea.*

1.13 *The visages: one part, President/Secretary of State*
1.2 *The other, a composite of Mona Lisas laced with spider grease*
1.21 *That exude fur and tickertape*
2 *Wag tinsel wings*
2.01 *And flex muscles of liquifying prairie grass.*

2.012 *Yes, it's the pontifical moment the robot armies*
2.0122 *Loaded on wave mattresses*
2.0123 *(Charged by the multi-leveled systemic universities)*
2.01231 *Unleash metallic rats who prance, scream and*
2.0124 *Limn over the coprophagic tendons*
2.013 *Of the sacred heart rinds*
2.0131 *Whose petomaniacal distension*
2.0122 *Of red white and blue vapor*
2.0123 *Wafts into a bucket of pate, Jesus Hamadryad*
2.01231 *Rejoining its gang of Dravidian cuttle-fish*
2.0124 *To shine (drooped) from a silver-nitrate window*
2.013 *Of the Pure Conceptual Behavior Maze*
2.0131 *Which conditions the smoldering fleas of law and order*
2.014 *For their "exuberancies" of entropic resuscitation.*

Philip LAMANTIA

Ronald L. PAPP, Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN, T.R. JOHNSON and Thom BURNS: exquisite corpse

Brooke ROTHWELL: Anti-Trumpet Ears Listen to Their Own Pronouncement of the Dribble of Ancient Alphabets Capable of Being Pronounced by All Who Inhale the Resonant Ears of the Elusive Blue Rabbit

Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN: The Black Cabinets of the Luminous Umorists

★ For Benjamin Péret: The Bestial Gold Begets the Vegetal Fire

Robert GREEN: An Example of Casement Shift

POEMS

The subterranean
Loses
Its breath
When it enters
The open air

▪

The mirror
Is Time
With amnesia

▪

The river runs
More slowly
Than the shore

Malcolm de CHAZAL

DID FREUD EVER ASK?

Surrealists have often traced the role of obsessions in mental life, but they have had the misfortune to be plagued in every decade by a not uncommon type of obsessive who is occupied and indeed preoccupied with the useless task of imposing a rigid definition on surrealism—that is, fabricating a "critical" mold for what is in essence a limitless adventure, so that it can be kept firmly in place for academic dissection.

These same individuals have been known to accuse the surrealists of being "evasive" about what surrealism really is. But when the availability, enchantment and volatile endurance of this adventure are mislabeled obscure, impenetrable, outmoded and dangerous, it becomes only too clear that such false labels signify nothing less than *resistances* serving only as insulation—insulation that is itself the chief barrier to the comprehension of all that surrealism is and does.

Surrealists are able to forecast the weather. Regrettably, there is no photographic documentation of this, for surrealism cracks the lenses of most cameras (unless it is the irrational that snaps the shutter).

"Does surrealism require 'practice,' in the sense that one practices the piano?" Anyone who wishes to "practice" surrealism should begin by practicing the cultivation of hypnagogic and hypnopompic states. Automatic writing, contrary to popular belief, is a fundamental technique of ignition.

Surrealism strikes at those particular forms of connective tissue that bind language to its most rigid proximations (in speech, thought, the written word, etc.). It aims at severing those repressive bonds in the service of liberating the imagination. Often what appears to be a serious *disturbance* in communication provides a more intense and profound insight into unconscious mental processes.

Thus there is a strong affinity between the surrealist and the psychotic—not only in poetry and art but in everyday life as well. This should require no additional explanation: both geography and the clock are defenseless against surrealist intrusion.

What of the closeness that surrealists feel toward animals: the penguin, the rhinoceros, the platypus, the frog, the elephant, the anteater? It calls to mind the opposite attitude—the antipathy felt by so many others. Those who are afraid to approach a dead animal are afraid that the animal is "not really dead" and that it will attack them. This fear and its cause explain the peculiar behavior of those who have written so many totally meaningless obituaries for surrealism.

They have never understood that surrealism is neither the dream nor the waking state, neither a speeding train nor an abandoned boxcar. Rather, it is the relationship between the two and the *method* of studying that relationship; finally, it is the means of overcoming that which causes us to conceptualize them as irremediably separate entities.

Paul GARON

Joseph Jablonski: The Shores of Umor (collage/painting)

FLUID TREES

The torn and mildewed sun drops to the palm of elves
while dogs bark the turtle's switchblade
the ghost of the hyacinth disrobes
and the nightmare cigarette kisses the milkweed
as the day is gripped by the talons of night

The moon attacks the bleeding nose of the bamboo loon
as the harp stings the weasel's sneeze
and the spined sex of the marine mango spits revolvers
while the wombat of the salted rose dances to the wasp's hum
and the amphibious clarinet of Chicago hangs from the stomach-beard
of a murdered nun

The skeletal moustache whips the aromatic tapir to view the syringe of swans
while the naked witch becomes the apple in a fog of glass
the electric anus of the new insect weaves masks for the rituals of shadows
and Jean-Jacques becomes the fossil of a nightbound train
to swim with owls in the murky depths of the lips of the lagoon

Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN

TO SHINE IN THE DARK

The word *Marvelous* is the shimmering skeleton key which has never ceased to assume the most desirable flesh before the door of meaning which, like the door in a wave, leads to that mysterious chamber bristling with *passion.* The obvious sexual connotation implied here is by no means accidental, insofar as such coincidences emerge "of themselves" once the images of passional attraction find themselves cohabiting the landscape (dreamscape) of *Freedom:* that "point in the mind" wherein the darkness consumes its victim (the light) at the same moment that the consumer is victimized by the reciprocal nature of its existence. This mad, free flow and the amazing results obtained thereof—*making revolution attractive*—seem to me to constitute the unique cry of the surrealist adventure, as evidenced by the ease with which this adventure integrates any and all organized efforts aiming at the possession of the once-forbidden square fruit of paradise.

After all gestures of rationalism limp from the arena, again the octopus of subversive desire advances, quick as a glance, across the invisible border, its black-gloved hands each vying for the unique, luminous pearl.

Into the flame: The Marvelous is our position, be it political, "artistic," etc.,—unconditional freedom being the only condition we demand for its total realization. As such, this "point in the mind" remains our place among the living—a vernal magnetic field where we will continue to embroider the fantastic tapestry of human consciousness with the most audacious swoops of the hand.

Brooke ROTHWELL

Finn Lauge THOMSEN: The Hermaphrodite (limestone)

Franklin ROSEMONT: The Secret of Hegel (collage)

When raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch the pen, and publish what I think.

Thomas Chatterton

Michael VANDELAAR: Footfall

Jocelyn KOSLOFSKY: The Flower's Skeleton Waiting to Ambush its Shadow

PORTRAIT OF SEURAT'S MOTHER

The green apples are swallowed up by the red ones. The red ones we eat and digest as moons. The moons drown in the waters of our hair, which is one way of saying that the red apples are swallowed up by the green ones.

What truth can there be in what one has not yet said? The vital element of this question may be more easily seen posed as: What beauty lies in the unseen? In becoming, these seemingly impossible questions aspire in the void, an empiness longing to be filled. All truly poetic activity inevitably draws us to this void wearing the mask of futures just beyond, just out of reach—futures that are in themselves as meaningless and as empty as the spaces of nothingness they lay claim to.

Can it be that these "black holes" of nothingness or what we will come to know as *states of waiting,* are precisely the points where we will find just enough of ourselves to fix an existence? If so, what and where are they? If one could look at, for example, a bird and the fossil of a fern positioned on a chair without recognizing either the bird, the fossil or the chair as separate entities, without any distinction between them coming to mind, what then would one be looking at? To find the answer to this question is to find the answer to the preceding question. I say the answer is found within a color, and that color is Green!

One could look all day long at pure blue and just as long at pure yellow* without ever thinking of the sky or even of the sun, but as movement becomes an agent of time acting on these hues, through a certain will to conjoin and conjugate in the viewer, one will begin to see various degrees of green. The sky by itself is nothing, just as the sun by itself is nothing (nothing to speak of, at least). But as soon as the sky (meaning atmosphere) and the sun (meaning solar energy) mix, together they become active on the earth and the sphere of life. Things begin to grow. One will look at green and see an unmistakably active visual element—a certain becoming.

Furthermore, I doubt that one could look very long at pure green (an equal measure of blue and yellow in light of the sky and sun respectively) without calling to mind the fruits of the earth, those things that grow. In their embrace, blue and yellow are rendered invisible, as green. It is common knowledge among the academics of art school painting that in order to produce flesh-tones in a painting that are as "true to life" as possible, one must use base-tones and transparencies of green. In order for the painted flesh to become "alive" it must be built on green. Aso, in shamanic mythology the Pole Star shining in the night sky has been called in various regions "Golden Pillar," "Iron Pillar" and "Solar Pillar." These images have been concretely represented in the pillars supporting the houses, yurts and tents. The Soyote decorate their poles with blue, yellow and white cloths representing the colors of the celestial regions. Here, blue and yellow represent the lofty regions to which the future shaman must ascend during his initiation in *becoming* a shaman. (White is actually not a color at all but a complete reflection of light. We may consider the white cloths as representative of the stars. It is also a possibility that this usage of white as a symbol stems from the vast role played by "sacred powerful water" or "liquified quartz" and other crystals, mirrors and metals, all common to shamanic ritual, and all of which have the archetypal characteristic of reflection, flight and clairvoyance.) The shaman must come to celestial Green in order to change his "human condition," thereby becoming a magical healer. This is a simplification, but with it we can begin to see our path.

Now the answer to the riddle of the unspoken future becomes a rather simple one: Green! All the beauty that lies in the unseen is green. In *The Waning of the Middle Ages* by J. Huizinga we find that in 15th century France green was symbolic of "amorous passion." From a song of that period comes the lines: "You will have to dress in green, It is the livery of lovers." It is not difficult to see "through" the dress of lovers in green for we shall see what green can become. This moss gathers all stones. Green is a butterfly, says Charles Fourier. The man who has me by the throat is green, and the red smoke which enters my ear with a parrot in its pocket...

What is granted us leads us to believe that more awaits in the den of lions. All that the will possesses turns green with desire, a desire to become, to become constant becoming, in other words: Red. It is no mere coincidence that red is found directly opposite green on the color wheel. As we know, the retina, when looking at a patch of color for some length of time, assimilates that same color's opposite or negative. The color red will enter the eye by way of the crystalline lens and if the impression on the retina is strong enough, when the lens moves away from the red source the retina retains the color green.

Effects of this kind result from natural features of our eyes, over which we have no control. When Philip Lamantia wrote, "I am not the I who writes, but the eye is ours that parts the fire in the things unseen and then seen," he exemplified the fierce connection between the "I" and the "eye." Here we have the whole matter in a crucible. The self becomes the "eye" through which the self becomes. So if the eye assimilates the opposite of the colors it receives from within, then the self or the "I" will undoubtedly create its opposite from within. The interaction between the self and that opposite or the relationship between the self and what the self exposes is no less than a relationship between the self and the *other.* The other exists within green just as the self exists in red. The other is always becoming, constantly in motion toward the self, toward fixation of identity within the latter. Red exists in opposition to Green but the eye, as we have seen, makes natural moves to cancel this opposition, just as the mind makes moves between the self and the other in the form of dreams. Red and Green constitute the polarization of the color wheel. The color wheel is the color sphere on which Self and Other ride as opposites, opposites which have come to be the same. I am You. Self is Other. Red is Green. The bird becomes the fossil of the fern that is the chair!

To perpetually gain what is rightfully his, man makes use of strange knowledge. The Red Lion and the Green Lion battle the elements for the key to the throne room. The alchemists fashioned an elegant key forged in the fires of sublimated beasts. Paracelsus has written of the Red Lion as the element of fire above the air and the earth, and, after a process of "Separation," "Sweetening," "Distillation" and "Coagulation," the Red Lion becomes "The Tincture of the Sun, perfect in its degree." In other words, fixed. He then explains how to achieve the elusive Green Lion: "Go on, and do not despair of the work. Rectify until you find the true Green Lion, which you will recognize by its great weight." And further on, "This is the tincture of transparent gold. You will see the signs of this marvelous Green Lion, such as could be bought by no treasures of the Roman Leo." The Green Lion always denotes hope and growth. He is the seed that germinates the Red Lion, fixed in its becoming. In the *Emerald Tablet* of Hermes Trismegistus we read that "whatever is below is like that which is above." This statement is Blood Red vibrating behind a veil of Green stars. "The way up and the way down are one and the same," says Heraclitus. What could be Redder! What could fix the position of opposing movements more simply? The becoming has been fixed, the Green has been transformed to Red before our very eyes. The self and the other are again the same.

There are newborn myths presently stalking, and there are yet unborn myths clawing at the gate, but the ancient ones still retain their hold on us. In the *Popol Vuh,* the "sacred" or "public" book of the Quiche Maya, the unknown author tells of the creation of man and how, in the beginning, men were like the gods themselves. "They were endowed with intelligence; they saw and instantly they could see far, they succeeded in knowing all that there was in the world... The things hidden (in the distance) they saw all, without first having to move; at once they saw the world, and so, too, from where they were, they saw it." In knowing "near" and "far" as the same and "at once," these god-men were truly living within Red space. They recognized themselves in all there was, in all Others. But alas, the gods felt themselves threatened by these men who knew too much, these creatures who were truly creators and poets every one, so they in retaliation had to "check a little their desires" by blowing "mist into their eyes, which clouded their sight as when a mirror is breathed upon." Man no longer recognized himself. He was reduced to the "not yet said," he was rendered "green" and "unseen." His becoming was cast into the distant future. But is not that future losing its distance? Is not a little Red beginning to seep through the cracks of an existence as Green as the day is long?

We are coming to the end of the hall of mirrors, and there, swelling from among a thousand crystal skulls on a red glass table looking every bit like a lion, is a point of light. It is that "certain point of the mind," which André Breton speaks of, where all contradiction ceases, where all movement is still and swept by the winds of Now, forever. This is the *Red Chamber* where, once within, words growing like leaves on the trees around you fall to your feet, revealing themselves as your own thoughts, and the trees as your very limbs growing into the sun, which is your head in the sea. What you have "not yet said" is now there before you, beckoning you to embrace it, to become one with it, just as the sky and sun become the grasses and the weeds, of mountains made of bursting hearts, all crying out with one voice, recognizing one future.

Thom BURNS

* "Science" tells us that "purity" of color in and of itself does not exist. Purity is, rather, a ratio of brilliance between dominant radiated monochromes and total luminosity. Red is "pure" proportionate only to its distance from other colors on the graphic spectrum. Without wishing to "step on the toes" of scientific absorbtion and transmission theory I will, out of necessity, use the word pure with respect to the point of view of this paper.

Ronald L. PAPP: Muse of the Wanderlust

Thom BURNS: The Egyptian Blossom Unfolds in the White One's Face

Eve GARRISON: Floating Inferno

Tristan MEINECKE: Female

Inacio Matsinhe

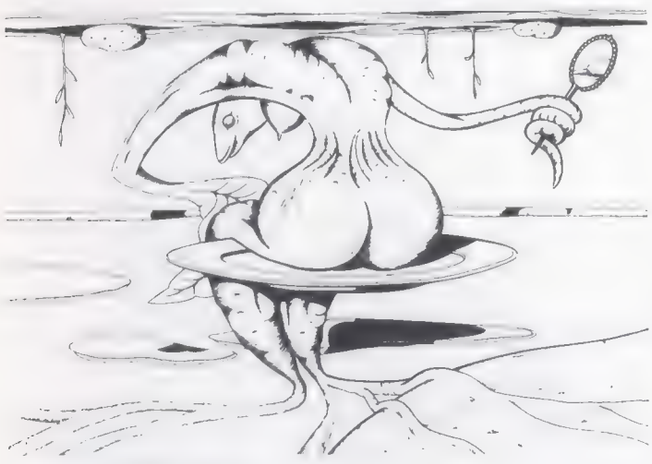
I BECAME A TORTOISE TO RESIST TORTURE

I paint for my people, but of course these are problems that the world should know about. So I also paint for the world, so they may know the problems of my people.

I am making a political portrait of the suffering of the people in Mozambique, Angola and Guinea: the people oppressed by the Portuguese. I chose this form because I believe this is a form in which I can tell other people of this suffering.

You will notice that one of the features of my paintings is the lips swollen, very swollen lips divided into four. That means that the people in those territories for five hundred years could not speak out. So I portray their suffering, their inability to speak out, in those lips divided into four. I also came to the conclusion that one of the best ways to portray this suffering was to make a picture of the tortoise and transform all the people in my paintings into tortoises. I have used the tortoise to symbolize the resistance that people have to have to face suffering and the conditions of their lives. In order to resist the oppression they have to become like tortoises, protected by those very big shells.

Inacio MATSINHE



Jacinto MINOT: drawing

GRIGRIOT

teeth of rhinos
I have
bought from a
safari camp in
Kenya
beak of a toucan
I have
bought from juju
merchant of Niamey
where I trumpeted
gri gri blues as
surrealist griot
I be
twirled ram horns
I have
sought and found
in the red and green
Maghreb
months after Ramadan
phials of colored
beads I have
they be tinier
than gnat nuts
they attached to
double headed
fetish of Ouidah
Dahomey
Cowrie shells
galore I have
to be tossed in
regiments of seven
to be given as
gifts for good
to be devirgined
sewn and then
worn
many masks have I
to be worn at
full moon in secret
as sun rises
in earth's sky thigh
ghosts, spirits and
haunts sex me
I possess the black
magic sexual thrust
that specters trust

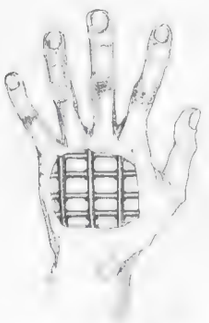
Ted JOANS

I make no secret of my opinion that at the present time the barbarism of Western Europe has reached an incredibly high level, being surpassed—far surpassed, it is true—only by the barbarism of the United States.

* * *

It is not a dead society that we want to revive. We leave that to those who go in for exoticism. Nor is it the present colonial society that we wish to prolong, the most putrid carrion that ever rotted under the sun. It is a new society that we must create, with the help of all our brother slaves, a society rich with all the productive power of modern times, warm with all the fraternity of olden days.

—Aimé Césaire
(Discourse on Colonialism)



Ghazi YOUNES: drawing

POEM

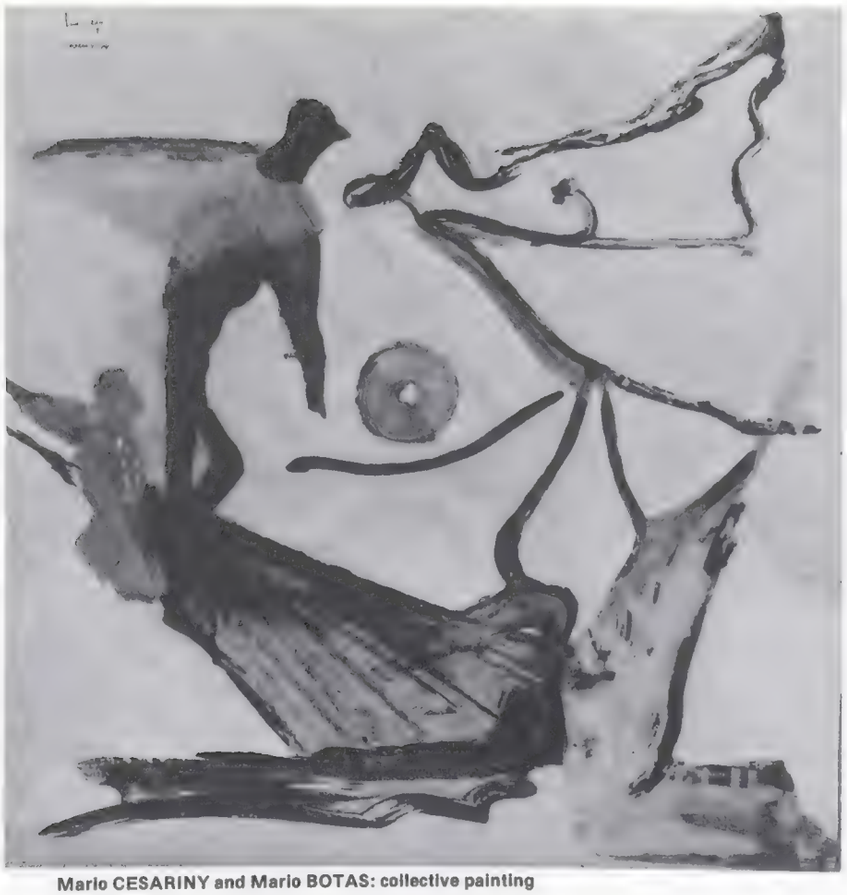
I am the survivor among millions
dead from lack of pure air
they were not used to air conditioning
or to the mine that caved in.
They died, died without saying goodbye
buried in this gold mine
where there is no cackling of hens
where there is nothing but men

The lantern that blew out
left us in the dark
when the mine exploded
and the gods took advantage of us
and demanded some glass beads from us

And since we had no glass beads
we are dead dead dead.
And me I sounded the alarm. I survived
I raised my hands without weeping
or crying for help
and because they were my friends
they let me survive.

Malangatana Ngwenya VALENTE

(translated by Mary Hardy)



Mario CESARINY and Mario BOTAS: collective painting

THE GREEN MAN

"...a gust which will arrive one day, a luminous wind to which ashes are of no importance..."

Historias e Invenciones de Feliz Muriel

It was just past eleven o'clock at night when my wife and I sat up in bed, startled by a noise. It had been a while since the rain had stopped, and we had just finished hearing, in the remote regions of the sea, the whistle of the steamer that left port daily at ten. By living near the docks, on the very face of a sheer cliff where the waves shatter ceaselessly, bathing our house with foam which forms in its walls a subtle microscopic relief, the sounds of the sea are intimately known to us. In the look that my wife and I exchanged was the same expression: it had nothing to do with the sea; it was a distinct noise, continuous, like a prolonged blow, like the blow of a hurricane that insistently grazed its interminable shoulder against the fragile wall of the house.

Far from dying down, the prolonged blow grew stronger, entangling in its great roar the roaring of the sea and the most impetuous of the waves.

My wife and I sat up, focusing our senses. The dog was barking and we couldn't hear his sharp yips, for they were deadened by the increasing noise that was coming from the door. We ran to open it. A gust of strong wind, cobalt blue, entered the house violently, and rapidly transformed the ceiling into canopies of dense sky. Within the last fragment of that blast of wind was caught a pallid luminous wake, barely perceptible, made of millions and millions of microbes of fleeting stars. And then he appeared, rounded, as if molded in a nocturnal chasm, the man—immense, unknown and green.

My wife and I looked at each other again. Each time he stretched his neck and spat barks, the dog made sparks fly from the luminous wake dragging on the floor, like points of small moons.

The dog certainly did not know the green visitor of the night.

I wanted then to close the door, and I couldn't. As I approached, it clouded over, and in a surprising leap backward it dashed itself to pieces aginst the most sharply pointed rock of the nearby coastal bluff.

My wife called the dog, inviting him to come up into her lap, as he was accustomed to do. It was useless, because, at her call, the dog dissolved and remained suspended like a diminutive white cloud in the sky, so pensive and sad that our hearts were chilled with the cold of the north.

The green man, immensely green, total green, absolute, massive, opaque green, hard, immobile, unalterable, persisted—so tranquil in the frame of the vanished door, as if he were installed in an altar niche from the beginning of time, placed there by the tempest; or like a child of a green marriage between a broken wave and a ray unloosed by some inaccurate thunderbolt.

The green man joined his hands together, and my wife and I were able to see that his immobility was not complete, because his shoulders were trembling. The green man looked at us. He looked at us without looking. Because he had no face, no eyes. He had no retina, he lacked features; he was opaque, he was effaced. His was a special gaze. A gaze peculiar to the green man of the night appearing at the end of an unexpected assault of the lost wind.

He didn't have a face, or mouth, or ears, or nipples, or armpits. He had nothing of man, and yet without doubt he was a man. But he was a green man. A green man who wept pulverized landscapes of ashes whose powder fell in tenuous distant murmurs, beyond the clearly marked line of the horizon that divides the world in two.

Between his sobs he said this:

"When passing by here [he did not pass by, he had arrived], I saw light and for this reason I called [there was no light; the light was extinguished]. Thank you, for letting me come in [we didn't let him come in, he came in]. I don't know where to go on a night like this [it was, however, a night like many others]. I have no food [he had no mouth; no—he didn't have a mouth]. I am poor [he was green, green]. I wander in my solitude through the world [he was green, green]."

My wife cried. I didn't want to cry.

The green man implored:

"I am famished. Give me something!"

My wife ran to the kitchen; she stumbled on a pot while crossing the hallway. She called out to me from there: "Do you have a match? I can't see anything." I opened the kitchen door, heard the sound of cans, drawers, silverware and a crystal glass which fell to the floor. I lit a match, went into the kitchen and helped her make up two packages of provisions. Also we brought him a bottle of milk. We gave it all to the green man.

He thanked us, took his leave and we could see him as he moved away, growing much larger as he moved away, immensely large, absolutely green, embroidered with sobs by the depths of the sea.

My wife and I couldn't sleep. The following day we didn't speak about the green visitor who had come in the night. But neither did we want to speak about anything else. The dog had a long sleep, lying against the vanished door. A leak in the roof fell directly down into the brazier staining the gray ash, turning it black.

Several days later my wife and I went to pay a visit. We were introduced to several people. A fair young woman was playing the piano. A very serious gentleman was sewing the rug. The lady of the house did a beautiful equestrian demonstration in the bathroom. It happened that this magnificent horse had been given to her by her uncle who was called Rodolfo, according to what a woman had overheard and told the young pianist. The horse was underneath the piano. Uncle Rodolfo had lived in Boston for thirty years. He devoted himself to making poetic antholgies of the members of a trust who had such delicate inclinations. We spend a delightful evening. Another gentleman swallowed a lightbulb amid the general indifference. My wife and I learned a pretty song. Shaking hands with us and generally saying goodbye, one of the women who had been introduced to us whispered:

"Haven't we met somewhere before?"

"No! of course not!" we could scarcely answer.

We descended the stairs precipitately. Once in the street, we took a cab to return to our house. We didn't speak on the way, my wife and I. But we both knew very well why. We were preoccupied. We had been gone for six or seven hours. We wanted only to arrive, to arrive as soon as possible, so that we could dry the brazier, which should still be full of moist ashes, and frolic about with the dog.

E.F. GRANELL

(Translated by Nancy Peters)

SLEEP AND DON'T SLEEP

I sleep and I walk accordingly
I fly and I swim accordingly
I crawl and I jump accordingly
Therefore cut the tomatoes
walking on the red carpet
to buy a new car because your neighbor has one
By tomorrow the fruits of joy
will taste like a sharp pigeon
And then
there goes your kingdom

Schlechter DUVALL

CORONA

for Janine

The clarinet's moustache
pinned to the elephant's tail
cries out
amidst a flurry of Babylonian powder-puffs
coughed up by an exhausted zebra plant
howling like a seahorse having its tail straightened
to find itself hanging out in the dog days
of human logic

between a.m. and p.m. precisely

Screen doors of Arabia open in unison
on the back porch oasis that is Florida
where the air eats out of your hand
where wasps fertilize the glass dust
where buffalo head nickels lie ecstatic under every rock
where summer neatly sidesteps the winter
where bromeliads blossom like beautiful thoughts on pessimistic stumps
where Eskimo warriors can't separate their magnetic swords
where the sun shines
where orange feathers light corncob pipes
Here purification is a natural everyday occurrence
Here where the moon shines
where I found my love

Brooke ROTHWELL

A LETTER HOME

Rana silk for a sky-green ball-gown, worn by the Devil to his family tree, torn as he climbs toward specks of lice. "I've seen the Devil," but don't believe it! Like the tongue of a krait, darting in and out, my tongue seeks your velvet soldering bench, molten in the summer's lake of the abcess, flooding lake of the morgue, lake of the loon in 1000 dives, "dive to the bottom, tread my way back up."

What gives these onions the ability to read Hegel from back to front without even getting the pages wet? I would give anything to know, just as I would dance atop a wheelbarrow simply for a glimpse of the festival of the turkey-bone charade. (I've never seen one; it would be my first.)

I have composed a list of the people I would like to kill—it's rather inclusive and if you are worried, indeed you should be. Only those who have breathed chlorine and gazed in yearning at the blood they've coughed up have been excluded; and of course a few tubercular: Kafka, my aunt (both dead, alas!), a few others, perhaps. Actually, I intend to omit a few more from the list: luminous targets of the chair armistice, tangerine-winged colts with two empty doorknobs, a flight of Brazil's pocket flasks, each filled with mercury at the boiling point, and of course those upon whom the steam condensate from the latter should happen to fall. And B's sister, for I've never known anyone other than a frog who had blue skin—ah, desire under the fingernail.

To avoid confusion I should add that I completely reject quilts, quarts, and qualms—not quartz and decidedly not quags! Applications are now being accepted.

Paul GARON

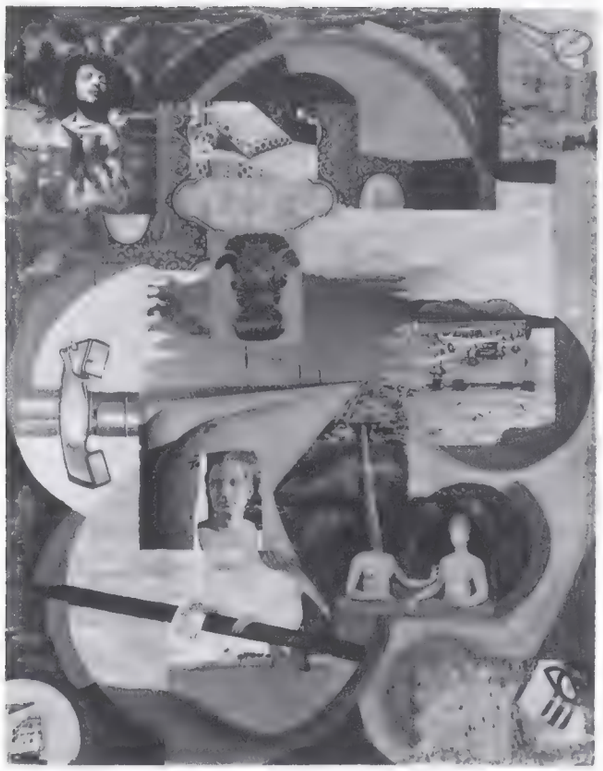
Micheline BOUNOURE: When I was a Horsewoman (parallel collage)

Jean TERROSSIAN: The Lesson of Shadows (parallel collage)

PARALLEL COLLAGES

The game of Parallel Collages was invented by associates of the "Bulletin de Liason Surréaliste" in Paris. Each participant brings several copies (as many as there are players) of one or more pieces. These are then distributed among the players until each player has one copy of each piece. The players then arrange these pieces, each in his own way.

Focussing on the diversity of possibilities of imaginative organization, this game—which originated specifically as a contribution to this exhibition—is an example of the activity of some of those who, after the formal dissolution of the surrealist movement in France, have regrouped in order to pursue surrealist research collectively.



Gabriel DER KEVORKIAN: parallel collage

Gilles BOU NOURE and Frederique LONGUIPER: parallel collage

Marianne van HIRTUM: parallel collage

Marie-Jo GRUGER: The Everyday Alibi (parallel collage)

THREE POEMS

Marble is perhaps not as hard as we think
See its forests and its tides
Its wind that striates thoughts
At the detour of palaces
Are they anything else
Than words of diaphanous sheets

* * *

There is the appeal of emeralds
To insatiable talons
And the tragic and impossible
Removal of innocent icons

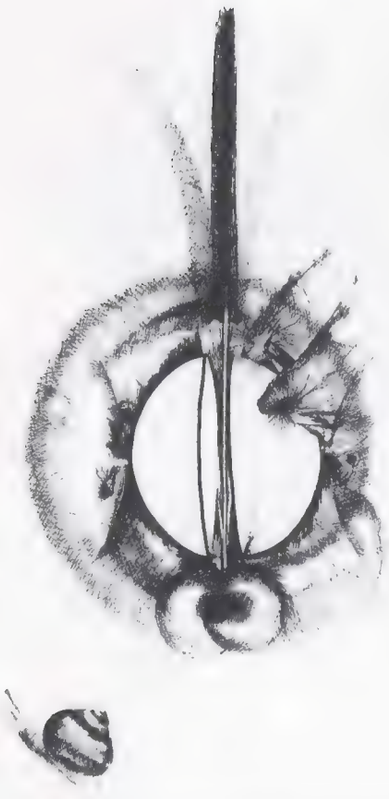
* * *

Four sheets of parchment
Grassy and greasy
Involve by destroying
The orphan vowels which quickly forget
Their lessons of immodesty

Aurelien DAUGET
(translated by Mary Hardy)

Aki KURODA: drawing

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty.
—Edmund Spenser



Susana WALD: Geometric Description (drawing)

MANIFESTO FOR A VIOLENT CINEMA

NOTE: The author of this text is a Brazilian surrealist poet and cinematographer, a leading figure of the now-dispersed Sao Paolo group in the mid-1960s. Last year he was arrested and charged with complicity in an "international subversive plot." He remains in prison today under the military dictatorship. For information on the international campaign to secure his immediate release—and the release of several others arrested at the same time—write to Vincent Cottin, 21 Rue de Vouillé, 75015, Paris, France.

* * *

Whenever the lights were extinguished the enlightened ones believed that the heroic epoch of mysteries had returned with an uninterrupted program of orgies and revels, continuing from week to week, transporting the unknown silhouettes in the theater pit beyond the Marvelous. The adventurer who took the risk of an incursion into the darkened hall asked only that the ray of light dazzle the vision of everyday life with the wonders of a new reality. The provocation felt by each viewer challenged him to let poetry burst into his whole being.

But the animated images have been bought in order to be sold. The light is transformed into commercial cinema, locus solus, within which lost beings masturbate with a maximum economy of colloidal material. The masses have been led by prudent onanistic planning to demand the purified air and laxative preparations which bring them a sleep without dreams as a remedy for clogged bladders.... The dragon of light and shadow has had its tongue put in an insulated thermos.

The cinema is domesticated. Or rather, the pieces it produces eject only disinfected artifacts, while the mechanism itself retains its original faculties for lifting the humiliated heads in a magnificent and unanimous erection—forerunner of delirious commotions capable of violating the citadels of the cowardly for allowing a single temple to remain standing....

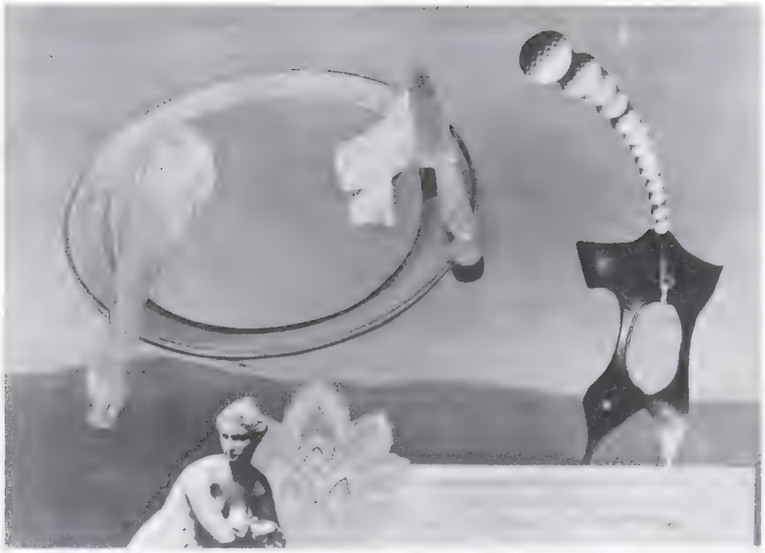
Make violent films! Show violent films! Show *Simon of the Desert* to the lions swept away by mystical ecstasies—and then we shall see if a wave of destruction is not provoked by spirits carried to erectile eruption; then we shall see if priests and young girls do not join together with the gods and devils to have done with all the old vestiges of classes whose time has passed.

The cinema will be violent or it will not be at all.

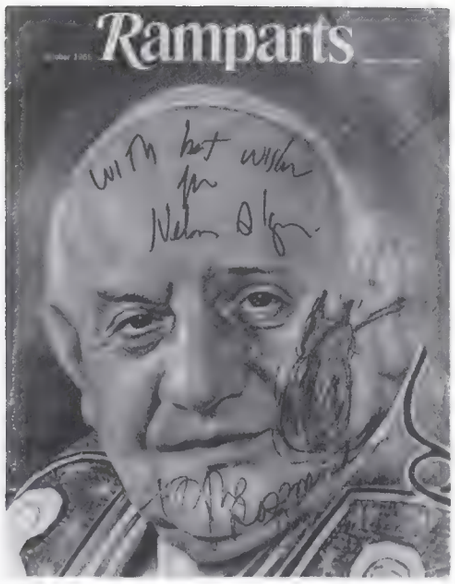
(written in a few minutes after several years)

Paulo de PARANAGUA

Rio de Janeiro, 1966
(translated by Michael Lowy and Dale Tomich)



Conroy MADDOX: Song of the Wind (collage/painting)

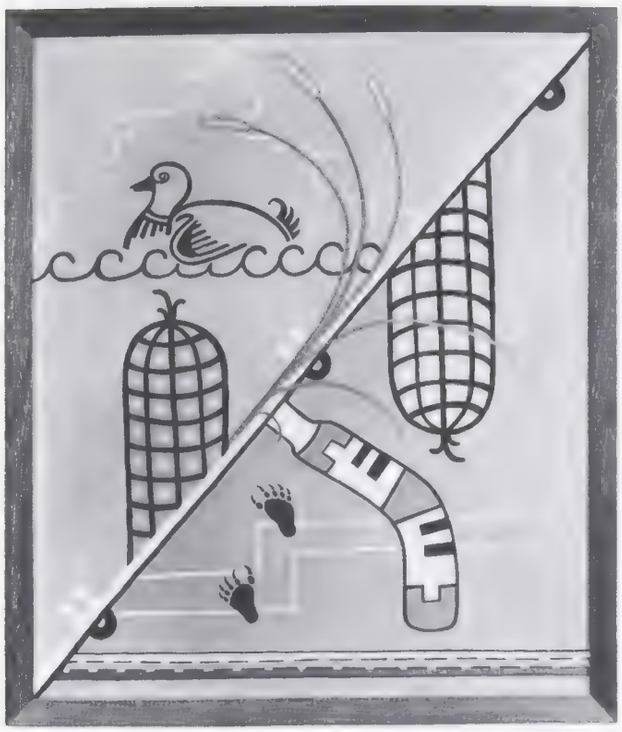


Nelson ALGREN: The Pope Defaced
(interpreted magazine cover, 1975)

"Because I find it easy to scratch my left ear with my toe you may think me incapable of having opinions on poetry or music. But after all, learning how to scratch your ear with a toe requires strong muscular discipline, and every discipline implies another, cerebral discipline."

— *Buster Keaton*

Martin LABORDE: Red Pants



J. NEQUATEWA: Beneath the Hopi Sun

"Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts and which form new intervals and interstices whose void forever craves fresh food."

— *Shelley*

SNAPSHOT

The fragrance lives with the flower.
The milk of the night turns the thin wheel of the calf's dream.
The innocent bird of the inverted sea,
starving, carries the mud of light.
Like a shadow, like water,
the amethyst butterfly whirls.
Today, again, night slips from a love letter.
Today, again, happiness squints at a torn mirror.

THE DESIRE OF THE FISH

Virgin decorations
Aches of innumerable inverted candles
Branches and flowers of transparent trees
Roars of infinite mirrors and
Spasms of windows of houses

My whole body
In the water fossil increasing its brightness day by day
My desire swims none the less
I am the noble bastard of the huge chandelier called azure
No one calls me the sphinx of love

My dream, in the fable of jasper
Glittered all the more blue

Tatsuo IKEDA: from the series, "The Brahma Rings" (silkscreen)

THE SNAIL'S THEATER

the white and black windows open
the snail's eye saw
sometimes only the beautiful eyes
sometimes only the blue ribbons
sometimes only the cigarette ash
and he fell in love
the solitary Triton fountain!

midnight abruptly the large palm turned.
resplendently like a card
the sun stole his genuine eye
though the fragrances are there
he's twisted eggshape

Shuzo TAKIGUCHI

(translated by Hiroaki Sato)

Yoshiko HIRASAWA: Au terrain vague

GAUDIAN DREAM

Antonio Gaudi, ageless, greets me and pronounces several words, but in a snail-shaped voice; he is seated curiously on an old crag densely covered with moss inside a Japanese garden. I recall a recent rumor that he is having a very hard time of it. He tells me in a solemn tone, "I would prefer lapis lazuli in the shape of a bird." That said, he shows me the tip of his very red and sinuously sculped tongue. He whispers to me that he actually lives and works now in some part of Black Africa, and that he is terribly thirsty... Then he shows me a passport of multiple form and function, entitled and very spectacularly stamped in English: LIBERTY PASSPORT. He gives me the so-called elixir, a hexagonal star. Disappearance. But there remains a haunted wake of the two words: UBIQUITY and SOLITUDE, perfectly united in a sort of sculpted shell, a presence so limpid that I cannot keep myself from looking at it... On waking, the so-called elixir incarnated the dawn.

Shuzo TAKIGUCHI

(translated by Mary Hardy)

Artur de CRUZEIRO-SEIXAS and Mario BOTAS: exquisite corpse

SHOOT THE POPE

Made by the fatal painters of great cats
done wrong side out to get at the chair
shaped out of tune
fit to the horse bean
qualified by pleasant idleness
dressed in wax
got up with a falconer's drum
grown into a salad
full grown into a chrysalis of arrows
grown up as a dash of water
mature as a filet of milk
ripe as a threadworn worm
a history is in the pie

Penelope ROSEMONT

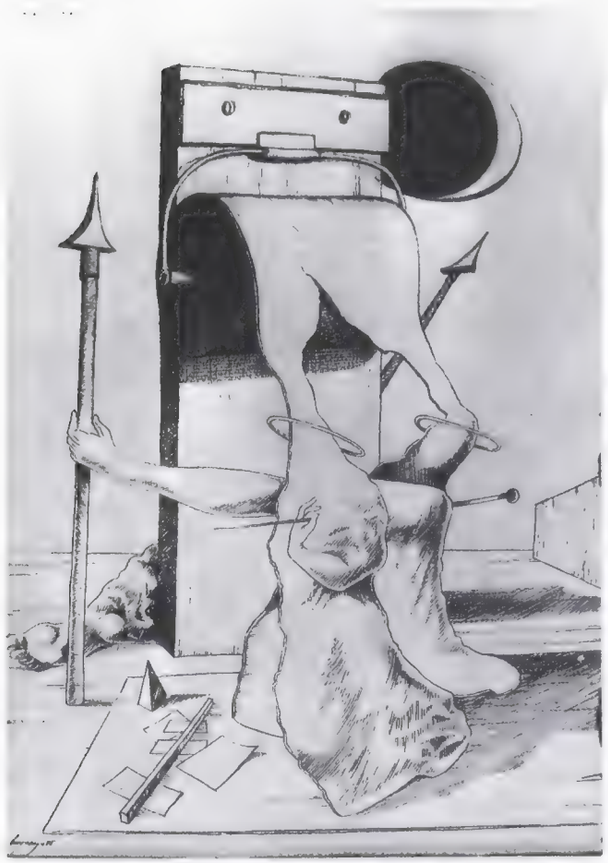
THE ART OF INVENTING CHARACTERS

We stand up straight with our arms wide open
our eyes fixed on the horizon
Then we softly call them by name
and the characters appear

SCENE FOR THE END OF A THIRD ACT

A corner another corner then
brief blooming flowerbeds from when
the city was very small

then the long brutal lines of rock
the moon the eternal sea the dock



Artur de CRUZEIRO-SEIXAS and Raul PEREZ: exquisite corpse

ORADOUR-SUR-GLANE

White screams brown screams black screams
no longer will there be embers—the debris has been removed

And not forgetting the effort of that other man
who to warm his surroundings turned up dead
without sending an invitation or announcement to anyone

World world immense world
(Carlos Drummond de Andrade)
the conspirators conspire
the informers perspire
the transformers aspire
and God gathers everything in a special big basket

The law of gravity of your eyes, mother,
the law of gravity here it is it is a poet
in a motor boat no no no it is a workman
with a hammer in his hand very fast
the cars pass by the boys shout
the servant works (if he did not work he would die)
eyes vainly pop the person stood up
so many children my God there goes my love

And he hurdled the obstacles three hundred times
—what strange things come to pass the poets are the ones
who know

construction construction
progress in transportation

ORADOUR-SUR-GLANE

Souviens-toi

REMEMBER

Mario CESARINY

(translated by Jean R. Longland)

THE DOG-TIRED DOGS

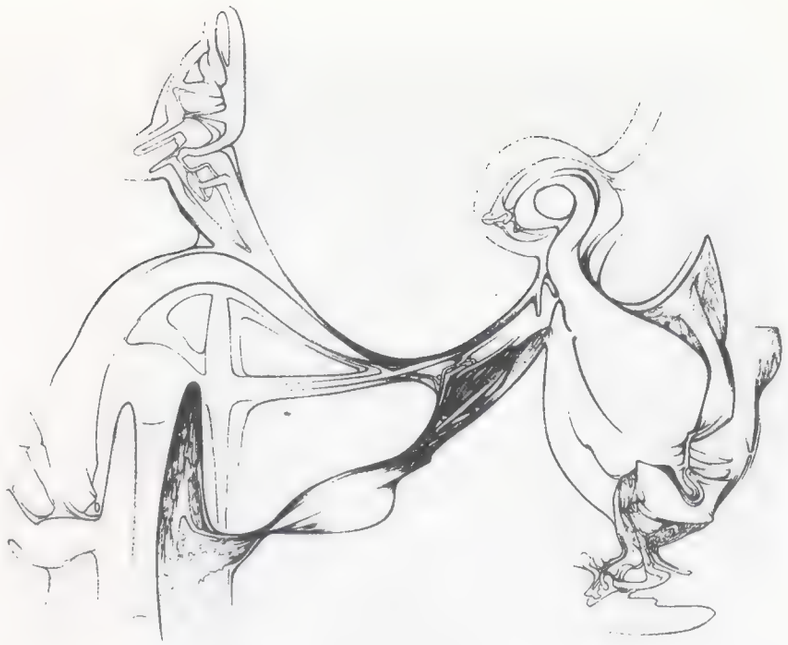
In the dog days
I witnessed a dogfight
between top dog
and underdog
who were dogged by misfortune
by a life gone to the dogs

In the dog days
I saw the gay dog
whose liquid eyes are tight-lipped
lashing a horse
like a yellow rain slashing a linotype

In a dog's life
always
Nostalgia remembered

For after all
why should one let sleeping dogs lie?

A.K. El JANABY



Robert LAGARDE: drawing

THE THIRTEENTH INSTINCT

Beneath a toga of bewitched obsidian
a lynx of ganglia ruminates a transatlantic maze
of intertwining lacerations
fallen from the eyes of deer
as they cross streams of refracted pubes
like hypertense balms of quilts
revealing children of prehistoric sorcery
that are trilobites of silken vowels in the hummingbird's chest
oviparous canoes drifting toward the philtres and edenic ritual
of the water's evaporation
dragged to the sunset in countermotion of light
you were caught up in the threads of your laughter

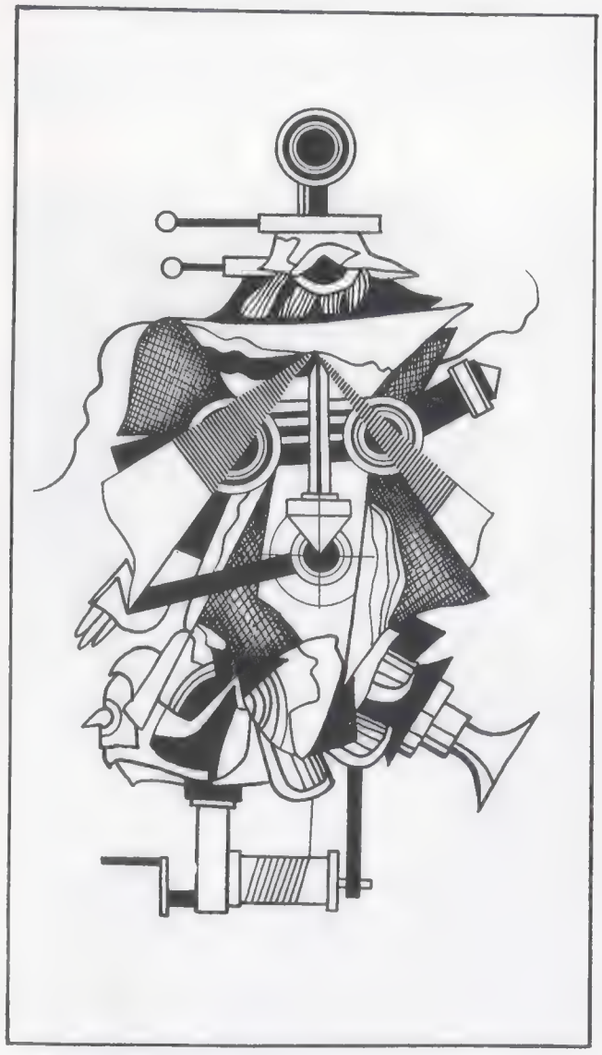
Laurence WEISBERG

THE MADNESS OF QUARTZ

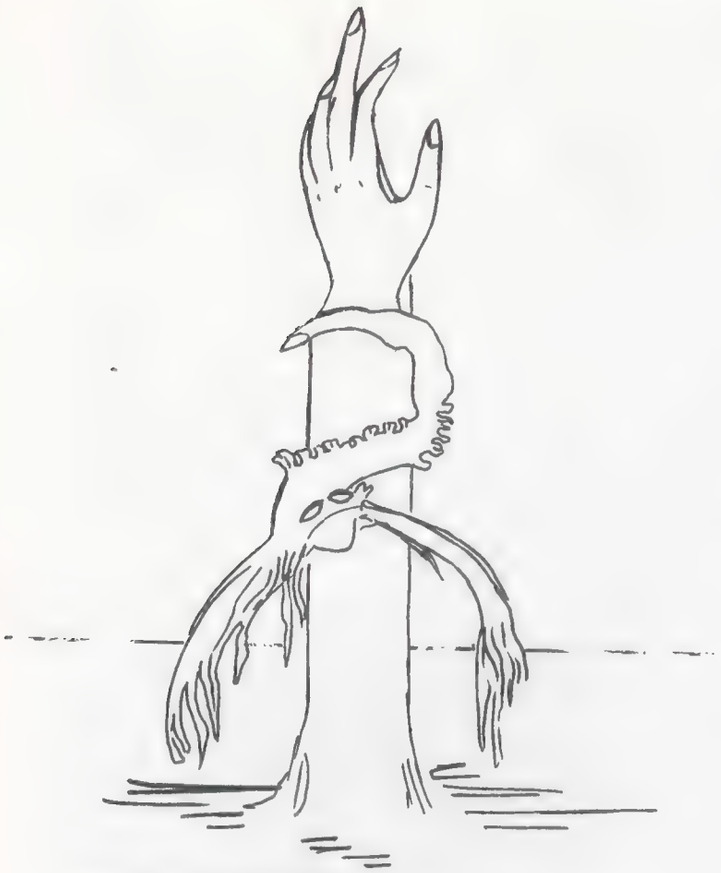
At last the madness of quartz is come.
By way of both death and love
What frenzy at this transparent point
Attempts to live the rock crystal of the future?
Painful brilliant. . .
At this moment a scream slides toward the Void,
Void, the cage of its cowardice.
Even inside a rock a flower grows,
Silent madness,
While another cry at this moment
Exalts the circumference of the glacial plants of the Cape
And transforms it into a site alive with births and meetings.
A flower within a rock,
A logical hallucination.
At last the Zero still does not exist,
Abundant with images of crystallomancy,
Whirling nebulas of metaphors.
Is it really a meeting or a petrified destiny?
None could deny the unique sense of the words to be born
That sob at this moment on these somber slopes.
Painful brilliant,
Inside one rock among others a flower.
And coming by way of both death and love
This lucid and calm madness
Of the critical angle
Of this universe of networks
That is in the process of rising. . .
This madness of quartz.

Takasuke SHIBUSAWA

(translated by Mary Hardy)



Roman ERBEN: drawing



Nancy Joyce PETERS: drawing

NARCISSUS RECONVENED

Lonely castles built around the dreams
of empty chessboards
playing out the fantasies of elderly spinsters
whose enveloping looms charge exorbitant sums
to witness the changing of the woof

California empathy delivers the groceries
Herpes Simplex presides at the dinner table
conversing somewhat hesitantly in Swahili
with the brainless artesian well across the way

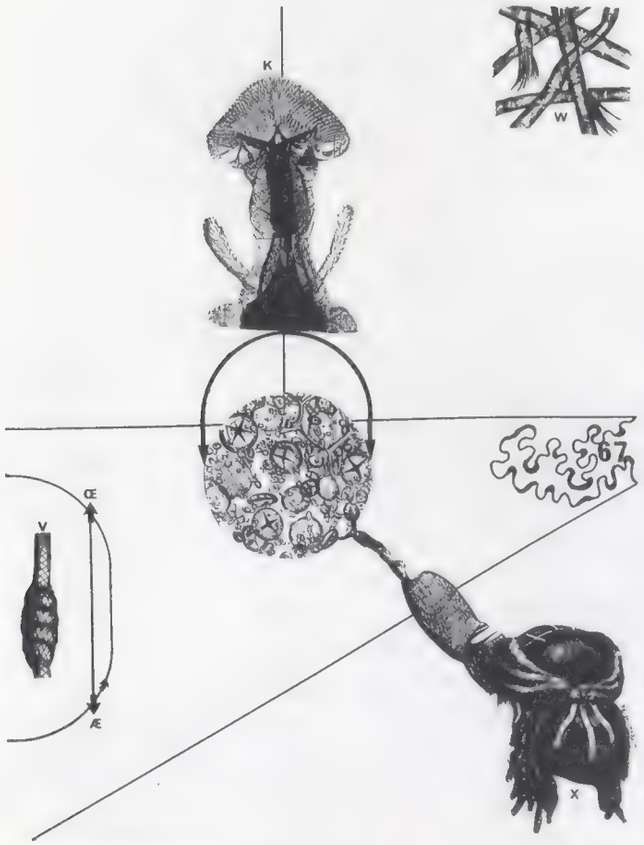
It is only when the ashes in my mouth fade
into the dreams of Jessica
that the milkbottles creep toward the blackjack players
who
their game interrupted
turn from alternating yellow and blue ribbons
to the more serious affair of tippling
careful of course not to upset dear Aunt Edith
sitting quite comfortably atop the newel post

"Crackers," you say, and quite rightly
They've answered the butler's questions
and played hopscotch with the range
on those lonely nights
when even the radiations of blue fur coats
and the eight sons of Abdul Samad
are permitted the disillusionment of sleep

I laugh at the end
Picture the addiction of the Sphinx
to the mocking allergies of daffodils!
But then, nowhere else are balances so upset
by emanations from a wine-soaked cork
Nowhere else do clothespins empty their prestigious coffers
to purchase ignorance
Nowhere else can the smithereens to which practiced hands
have been blown
be repaired with all the skill and agility
of a sun-kissed rapier

The noose swings from one tree only
casting a familiar shadow
and faint longing remembered
from ages when boredom bred peace
against the crystal blooms of my dreams

Lucy CATLETT



Claude FERAUD: collage

ONEIRIC HEAT

If this night is as hot as a hat
If this snake is a palpitant stinger
If this web is an anchor of putty held between
fingers stylish as rocks
Then perhaps I will find her heart the key
the torchlight of lines dissolved by color
interiorized beneath thick slices of absence
where lapping rivers of metric foam
revealed by the gas lamps and hordes of glasses her neck
and her vine the cornice of books madly thrown
open to ensconce the captive knife-blade
whose ariel orchestras hum like the silence
observed through nebulous clocks
all yellow and black this mutual crystal
of lava
balances the sun

Tom BURGHARDT

EARTHDIAL

For the mass of our contemporaries, firmly entrenched in all that is imposed on them, the idea of the marvelous has been easily confused with an *approximate* "impossible" possessing a vague scientific aura, and the *relative* success of space-age enterprises has come to satisfy their meager curiosity in this domain. Certainly the same people who were momentarily spellbound when their TV screens showed the astronauts' first steps on the moon will grieve that they can't put one foot (or wheel) in front of another during the "rush hour." But none of them, or almost none, will venture to establish any other relationship between the two phenomena than the obvious one: a simple coincidence in time.

Another relationship should be asserted, however, in which the disquiet resulting from the second phenomenon would be directly ascribable to the existence of the first, since they are joined in the same discordant perspective where the only goal to be reached (for those who "score the goals") seems to be precisely that of maintaining man in the precariousness of his present condition, postponing the attainment of a happy society as long as possible—thanks to an unbridled squandering of available resources. So much is this the case that the coming of that happy society seems "decidedly" to belong to a utopia, since "in other respects" diverse government systems have proved themselves (ingeniously competing) capable of achieving, in just twenty years, objectives that had been technically unbelievable—with just the amount of difficulty necessary to "amuse the crowd." This conjuring trick, for it is just that, proves thoroughly profitable; the subjugated are kept so by a false estimate of what is possible and what is not.

The conjuring trick leads us back to the marvelous; to what's been made of it. Those in power know very well that man's need for the marvelous is coessential with his existence. The religions having lost a part of their ancient prestige and being no longer useful for this purpose, it was important to trump up for the "masses" a substitute marvelous, where both God and Caesar get their full due, thanks to computers and the technicians of the orders.

This fake marvelous, which manufactures only short-term solutions to the *least* urgent problems (the conquest of space, etc.) while others are trampled underfoot (high cost and shortage of housing, overpopulation, etc.), is useless to man, and even harmful, inasmuch as it lulls to sleep his emancipatory faculties—the spaceships hiding in their overlarge shadow the fireworks which each of us is still permitted to shoot off in the darkness of our mind, for our own pleasure and to brighten the dim light of others.

Thus the maintenance of free access to the marvelous in the first line of revolutionary demands, far from being anachronistic, rises from the most burning present reality... However, I was speaking no longer of the marvelous but of freedom.

Precisely: there exists, you see, an imperialism of the marvelous, surely the only commendable imperialism, according to which "the constant will to explore an unknown domain" (Pierre Mabille) tends naturally to claim, upstream of risky El Dorados and inaccessible hanging gardens of Semiramis, the most ordinary attributes of our immediate neighborhoods: a window in front, a garden in back, a "street like all the others," the star it forms with other streets, the square over there near the fountain.... What is happening now in this square? Who are these men with helmets, visored with plastic, oozing from their armored vans like an unwholesome gruel? What do I see at the foot of the Saint-Michel fountain?

No, as long as this dung has not been removed, restored to its original cesspool, there will not be in Paris, in France, truly free access to the marvelous. Clandestine accesses, very luckily, are not lacking. It could even be maintained that it is within the power of each of us to create new ones every second. And without possible control: no marvelous for the enemies of the marvelous. Ours the undulating forests behind the Place de l'Opera; ours the bridges of the wheelboats on the Seine, the giant Bengal fireworks above the Ministry of the Interior.

Meanwhile, it goes without saying that such a vagabondage in the marvelous, or in freedom, immanent/imminent, cannot be confused with a simple census or catalog of objects or events, nor be expressed through a smug identification with the partial results of the "voyage," by a kind of mere sinking and drowning in the mirages of "anything that comes along." This "anything that comes along" (insofar as it is conceded to be an objective truth—and that remains to be seen...) does not have liberating power against social pressures except to the extent that it is *deformed* by the action of looking, and this is worth every bit as much for a constellation of events or concrete objects as for their "artificial" creation by means of a poem or a painting. In such an escapade—which is in itself a *freedom taken hold of*, though a fragile freedom—there is only an effervescence of starting points, never a definite destination. In the established system we talk of it a lot; we *say* it. But saying it is not enough; we must endeavor to *rebound*. Consistently, the operator—the idea of the spectator is now on its way out, whether it be in the street, in front of a canvas or in a poem—must accept, but not submit to, the eventual bifurcations of the journey, every interpretation of signs along the way being only a stage, though a vital stage, in the quest, since each step and each forward glance constitute an entirely new grasp of the objective material. In other words, each image that appears and each spontaneous interpretation that it releases, point-blank, have only the value of *symptoms* for the diagnosis of a glorious "immortal sickness" which is nothing else than the thirst of each of us (a generally unavowed thirst) to cross over and to liberate the restraining space to which we are "normally" entitled—a space we dare not term "living," recalling the use made of this phrase in former times. This promenade to which I incite you—not without a few slaloms between the spikes, especially those that are unseen—in other times could have been called "being on top of things." But that song—how are we still to sing it, since it also concealed spikes?...

We will say this another way, then: "Being is to man as the unexpected is to the expected"—a beautiful proposition of our friend Bernard Caburet, who one day wrote it, suddenly and fortuitously, in a poem. I don't see a better program for the poet, for the artist—even for the political militant of tomorrow, the immediate future, or right now.

From now on we are diametrically opposed to all "realism," particularly to the totally devitalized "hyper-realism" that flourished for two or three years on the cymas of the old world and the new, where the real is quickly reduced to a mere pittance by the pantographic reproduction of a postcard, a motorcycle saddle, or the face of an ordinary dolt.

Must we admit, in order to deplore it, that we might now be facing a kind of "moving into a vacuum" of the creative imagination, whence an unforeseen recrudescence of flatly literal expression? Far from it, for we know well that in fact the marvelous, and thus the spirit of defiance, continues to govern, if only by a slow underground progression, a major part of poetic and pictorial investigation in a sufficiently admissible way to quench our thirst. And it is far from our intention to subscribe to any writ of default of the imagination in the creative milieu on the pretext that, after so many others, a comfortable new solution to the problem of "comprehensive" reality has appeared in the firmament of artistic production. (The word *production*, for once used otherwise than figuratively, perfectly suits this type of assembly-line painting, more or less in demand for photographic projection on an emulsion sheet.) It seems to me altogether laughable to cry out against the dictatorship of the "dominant ideology," since there exists not just one detestable dominant ideology, but several—which, in spite of their squalling and grumbling competition, actually combine to make a climate that excludes all creative daring. In short, if the cleverly nurtured ambiguity of that climate cannot convince us that we are really in a certain hollow of the wave, from the standpoint of the transformation of the ambient real into the virtual marvelous, it amply demonstrates, so thick and dense is the layer of foam visible to all, that the wave itself is perceptible only to the most perspicacious observers, or the most resolute of them, or simply the best situated. Which is not, in any case, much fun.

Edouard JAGUER

(excerpts)

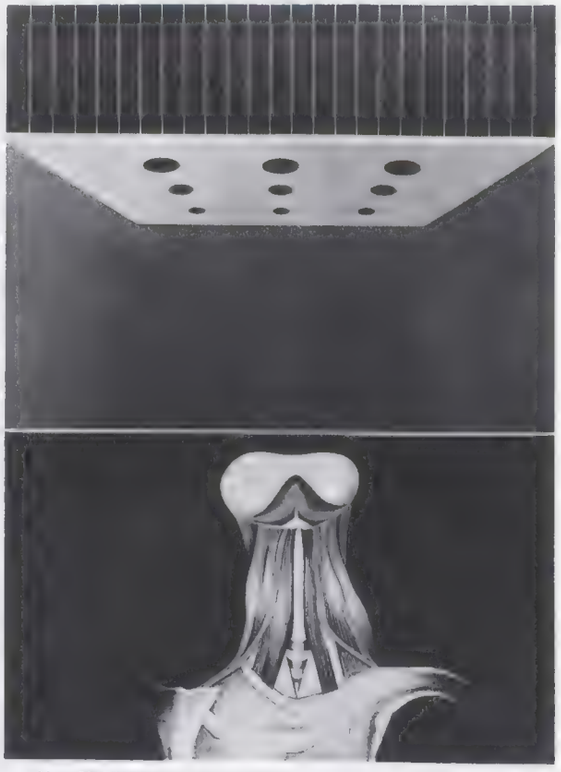
translated by Nancy Peters

Gérard VULLIAMY: pastel painting

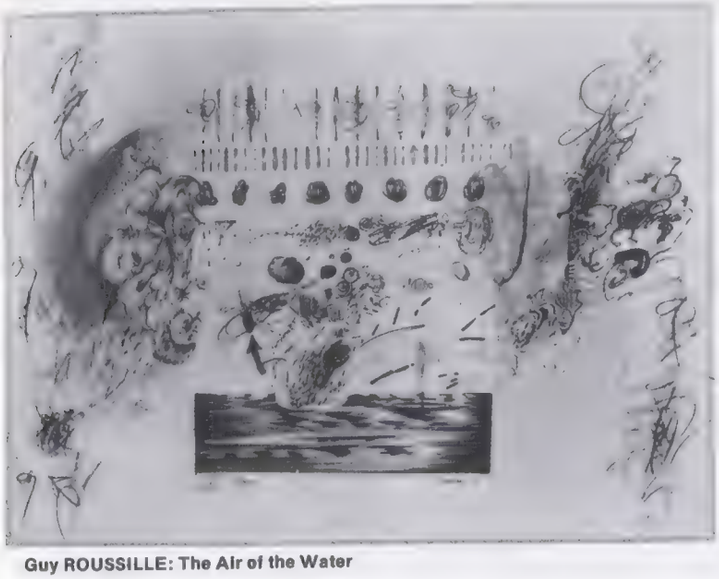
Jules PERAHIM: collage/painting

Suzanne BESSON: painting

Antoni ZYDRON: The Fox's Last Dance (assemblage)



Uno SVENSSON: lithograph



Guy ROUSSILLE: The Air of the Water

"Only that which is an object of freedom can be called an idea."
— *G. W. F. Hegel*

FOLDED RAIN

Wolves of winter
sleep inside the lush green
thoughts of summer

A grove of silence
beside the lamp of glowing darkness
polishes the day
with mercury of sudden desires

The forest
a perpendicular wager of bones
listens at the doorway of midnight
A squirrel of eyes sleeps
The pool of lips
is rippled by a breeze
of frozen silence

The rain treads quietly
across the bedroom
a step behind the minute's
pulse of madness

No whistles in this wilderness
No white ponies in this poison

Anne ETHUIN: collage/painting

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

She walked along the shore of the street
As blue as the spirit of a fish
She wore a lamp of water about her waist
She carried a table of ermine on her head
She wore a mirage of fire for a gown
And on her feet were tinted mice
And in her hands were woven ships

She came upon a man of rock
She came upon a wall of snakes
She came upon a bird of rain
And in the air were clouds of chains
And in the streets were games of eggs

She watched a silver cat
climb the man of rock
She watched a kingfisher's carriage
pass through the wall of snakes
She watched a mouth of wheels
devour the bird of rain
And in a cup she found
an emerald snail
And in a dish
a smiling moon
And in a bowl
a trio of petrels
singing

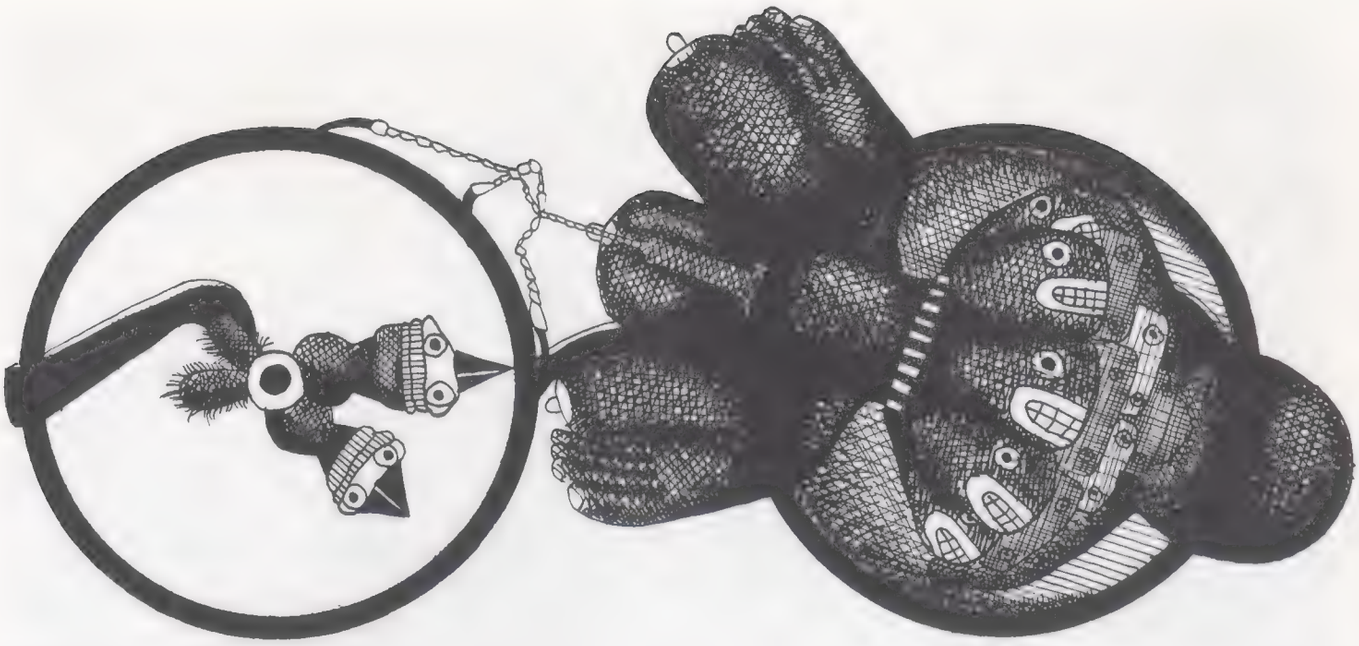
She walked along the shore of the street
As blue as the spirit of a fish
She wore a lamp of water about her waist
She carried a table of ermine on her head
And in a lamp of water
she carried the sea
And on the table of ermine
she carried the stars

She set the sea into the street
A curious triangular melody stood
whispering beside her

Penelope ROSEMONT

Carlos REVILLA: silkscreen

Juan-Carlos LANGLOIS: Song For the Earth



Karol BARON: The Time (drawing)

JITAI AND THE GHOST PUMP

Jitai was sitting in his bath, which is shaped like a spider web, eating crabs. He kept hearing reports over the radio about ghosts getting in everyplace. At the theatre, nothing but ghosts in the audience. At the beach, nothing but thousands of ghosts. Ghosts had got in all the taxicabs and were riding them all over town. Ghosts has taken all the rooms in the Hotel Magnifique-Luxe and nobody had any idea when they would leave.

"Ah, the Hotel Luxe," thought Jitai, "That is where my mother works in the laundry. I think I'll hop over there and see what's going on. Perhaps that's where they've got the ghost-pump hidden."

He hopped out of the tub all wet and made for the door, slinging his chicken-skin coat over his wing and swishing his terrible stick, made of cinnamon with a chicken's claw carved in the tip on the business end. "Have no fear, ladies and gentlemen," raved the radio announcer as Jitai left his beautiful hovel. "Have no fear. My Lord Jitai is getting on the case."

The streets outside were overgrown with hair and a dismal fog premeated everything. Jitai paused in front of one of those new street lamps shaped like opium pipes. For a moment he recalled poems about hair-grown streets, just to get himself in the mood of the day. Then he thought Baudelaire must have written such a poem and began to rummage that head of his to find it. No luck. He slapped his ebony thigh with his stick and crawled off into adventure.

Mid-day came and Jitai had not yet reached the Hotel Magnifique-Luxe. He could not remember where it was and was so tongue-tied that nobody understood him when he asked directions. "Please to the please flambeau etcetera, hex mismo coign," he addressed one gentleman, to no avail. "Peace be unto thee, idiot cheese fornicator?" he asked another. They must have understood him perfectly. They were lying in the ice in the front window of a fish restaurant and no one else was there but a solitary waiter and the cashier making love. One of these men began to roll his eyes around and around. Jitai watched him for a while, just to rest, but he began to get dizzy. All of a sudden it came to him—the telephone book! He entered the restaurant and went straight to the telephone on the wall. The book hanging there had all its pages torn out but one, the one with a large advertisement for the Hotel Magnifique-Luxe which had a great skull and crossbones above the address: 1313 Plaza of Ghosts. "This Plaza of Ghosts must be a new name," thought Jitai. "Where is it? I'm still in the dark."

He left the restaurant, passing one of the men from the window who was at a table drinking coffee. The other was sitting up shaking ice out of his hair. Jitai went home intending to kill himself. How else could he justify his existence to his descendents after so terrible a failure? But instead he fell asleep and slept through to the next morning.

During sleep his normal nightmares were interrupted by an ominous dream that repeated itself seven times and nearly gave him a heart attack. He saw a tall building reaching into the sky with dozens of skull-and-crossbones flags of all sizes fluttering from the roof and the uppermost windows. In the far reaches of the sky it seemed likely the Milky Way was visible in broad daylight, but the swirl of luminescent white circled the sky several times and seemed to descend behind the hotel in a diamond-like cascade. When he focused on it he saw it was a shower of gelatinous skulls.

As My Lord awoke he pulled himself together and saw a perfect course of action. He headed for the ferry, which he could ride all day long if need be to get a lookat the tops of all the tallest buildings. In this way he could find the one pictured in the telephone book and in his dream. The radio announcer announced, "Have no fear, ladies and gentleman, the ghost panic will soon be stopped by My Lord Jitai!"

He sat himself along the passenger deck of the ferry across from two young women. Forgetting his serious mission he threw open his chicken-skin coat and spread his legs wide, exposing the many hooks and talons that facilitate his bonding. The girls screamed, finding it awful. "Ow, you'd never get away from 'im again!" yelled one girl. "It must be against the law," yelled the other.

Jitai was about to formulate an apology when a terrible sound of hissing rocked the boat from above. Suddenly the craft was sucked up by some atmospheric force. A terrible heat began to permeate the boat. The two girls rushed over to Jitai and clung to him for safety. He was brandishing his stick and swearing, *"They're pumping ghosts from heaven in the form of steam!"*

* * *

The gust of ghost steam soon deposited the ferry boat in front of the hotel entrance. With a girl on either arm (he had, by a magic phrase, reduced them to tatoos in bas-relief for their own safety) Jitai swaggered through the swarm of ghosts on the plaza that looked like so many opera extras, through the beautiful crystal doors of the hotel that opened of themselves, and through another swarm of ghosts in the grand lobby. Ghosts were registering furiously, filling up the rooms and suites. First it was ten to a room, then twenty to a room, then fifty, then a hundred to a room; being immaterial beings there was no limit to their congestion! Jitai could not help being impressed. He began to swell with pride to think that his own mother worked at so unique a hostelry. He went to the elevator and took it down to the basement. Soon he was in the laundry room, which was immaculately clean, unbusy and uncluttered thanks to the cleanliness of the ghosts. His mother was skipping up and down between the washing machines singing:

Good news, good luck, good day.
Ghosts for guests have come to stay.

She smiled when she saw Jitai. She had a long beard, a glass eye, and a wooden leg. "Used to them. I'm used to them, my kid. What do you have for me today?" Jitai gave her a handful of paper money, mostly Moroccan banknotes of indifferent value. She took it and stuffed in her apron pocket. "Garbage!" she said, as mothers will when their boys shell out the mother rent. (It's only

tradition, anyhow.)

Jitai handed over the chicken-skin coat to be washed. "Well, I've come to see about this ghost business," he said. "People are pretty upset and I'm expected to do something about it."

Jitai went to the ghosts' hotel and met his mother and they talked about it. The ghosts don't spend much money; that's why it's bad for business. They leave the lights on, or else they leave them off. Day and night mean nothing to them.

Jitai's mother said she would show him around the hotel, so they started. The ghosts didn't mind.

"Look here in the ballroom." She took him in. It was crowded with ghosts—all excited, all buzzing, enough to drive you crazy. There was a platform stage, and on the stage something brilliant that drew them toward it like an irresistable fascination. They walked right up to the platform and saw an incredible sight. Jitai almost floated out of his skin when he saw it. On an antique Chinese table rested an object about the size of a large pineapple. It was made of diamonds in chips and shavings, rubies, mother-of-pearl, coral, and other minerals of red, pink, and white—all miraculously fashioned and exquisitely conformed to the likeness of an open female genital.

"This is the most marvelous object in the universe," exclaimed Jitai's mother. "This is the force that brings all the ghosts here. It must be the end of the world!"

My Lord could not take his eyes off the thing. A hypnotic glow began to tantalize his mind. He felt the need to struggle to pull himself away. "Now I begin to see it all clearly," he thought to himself. He looked at the ghosts and began to perceive their business. "They want to come back," he said.

"And they mean to come back," chirped his mother.

They meant to come back, and the ghost pump was bringing them back.

* * *

When Jitai left the hotel it was getting late. A filthy red and grey sunset was still just visible above the buildings and the air was chilling. Jitai drew the chicken-skin coat about him and muttered, "Black nylon stockings, black nylon stockings," to keep himself warm. He had stayed in the hotel too long and for some damned reason the ghosts began to dwindle and disappear. At the end of it all his mother had thrown the mother rent back in his face and he was a bastard again.

"Jitai is wanted by the police," announced the radio announcer.

"Black nylon stockings."

"Jitai is a bastard."

"Black nylon stockings."

"Jitai is denied Holy Communion."

On and on he wandered down the hairless streets, trying to solve in his mind the enigma of the ghost pump. At times he thought he saw it above, beckoning to him in the image of a star. Suddenly he came face to face with the vast smoking expanse of the sea. He must run to meet it, but it appeared now to be drawing away, and then it was beyond reach entirely as he sank deep, deep into the sand.

Falling through the sand Jitai landed back in his room. He lay down on his bed. The two girls on either arm became big spiders and began to weave a canopy web over his head. When they were finished a hail of leaves fell onto the web. The leaves all turned into candy bar wrappers, but they disappeared. The sky was now there behind the web and just outside it Jitai saw the ghost pump again. From it came the strangest sound like ghost steam passing far away, but it also sounded like music or a sound that contained all music. Jitai now saw words also in the sky, words that seemed to be all words and to contain all meanings.

* * *

Next morning he was up and about early. His project for the day was to get his claws manicured. The walls were covered with fish. Fish were forgetting their place and making decent citizens grumble. It was all on the radio.

Upon leaving his rooms Jitai found a notice under his door. It said, "Announcement—Very Important Funeral—The Great Pig will be buried today—Don't miss it!"

When he stepped out into the air he could tell it was true. Whales were floating across the sky. The moon, with her eyes trained on the sun, was holding a stop-watch.

Joseph JABLONSKI

THE NORTH OF EUROPE

Santa Claus, covered with sequins, was going up the path with a circumstantial air. The greeting he addressed me, corrected by a sign of perfect courtesy, was so naturally rich in proteins that it could be eaten from the hand, in evening attire.

Days were moving along, spun by the hand whose name was becoming occult in the Peninsula of the Cat, north of Carvoeiro.

"Is it thus that you carry out your promises?" asked Julia Bahamas. I answered that it wasn't yet the time to pick apples, and grapes were not about to ripen, either. And I exclaimed, moreover:

"Oh seasons!"

But there nobody heard anybody, the circle was shrinking, covered with froth.

Antonio DACOSTA Mario CESARINY
(collective text)

Cabanas de Tavira, 24 August 1975

(translated by Miriam Rewald)

PROTECT THE CASUAL OPEN DOOR

As if the night had pulled back the curtain to find that there was a dinner service as cold as the tenderest feather from a typewriter wing that spits in your face.

As if tomorrow you would receive a cable telling you that the steam-engine had backed a horse, and found that his wife had located the tide as it drowned in her handbag.

Windows pass you in the street, their fingertips lost in a gaze which had fallen from the back of a lorry.

Pass the salt: the rainclouds are laughing too fast for my liking.

The hedgerows of arguments refuse to answer your questions.

The aircraft found the key to the dramatic escalator, and the fountain stone of a horse's neck breaks into a cataract of laughter.

The sky peters out, and bedding plants elope along the quayside with the blotting paper peeled back from wallpaper.

John W. WELSON

POEMS OF THE INNER WORLD

By a process of indirection, of imaginative transmutation, the most concrete object can become a symbol—even in a photograph.

* * *

In releasing the symbolic contents of objects, the writer's intent was not only to develop the non-recording potentialities of the camera but, more importantly, to present settings for the immense drama of the misery and madness of our time: to take objects created in one time and one place (19th Century New Orleans) and to erect a system of symbols which would present *another* time, *our time* (with its special psychological conditions leading to the rise of the authoritarian ideologies and with its multiple presence of depersonalized man—the man whom the politicians, militarists and industrialists manipulate) and *any place.* This represented a new departure for American photography since, in this country, the ability of the camera to deal with psychological reality and to evoke symbols has scarcely been touched.

* * *

In photography, a symbolic image can do many things no documentary image can even begin to do. A symbol, more effectively than anything else, can relate photography to painting, to poetry, to metaphysics—to the inner world in man. The sources of symbols are in man's farthest and darkest past—their extremities touch the world of the future. They are bridges whereby we can cross abysses man's reason still cannot fathom. They are signposts telling us that no matter how much we know, we are hemmed in by what we do *not* know; but they are signposts, too, that hint at the little-known and still undeveloped potentials in man. They can evoke both the known and the unknown, the seen and the unseen. All this because an ancient magic is in them—a magic that transforms reality, which makes us sense hidden realities—and which man, for ages, has instinctively used to give a hostile and chaotic universe a *more human meaning.*

Clarence John LAUGHLIN

(excerpts)

Robert GREEN: A Placebo for Pain (limestone)

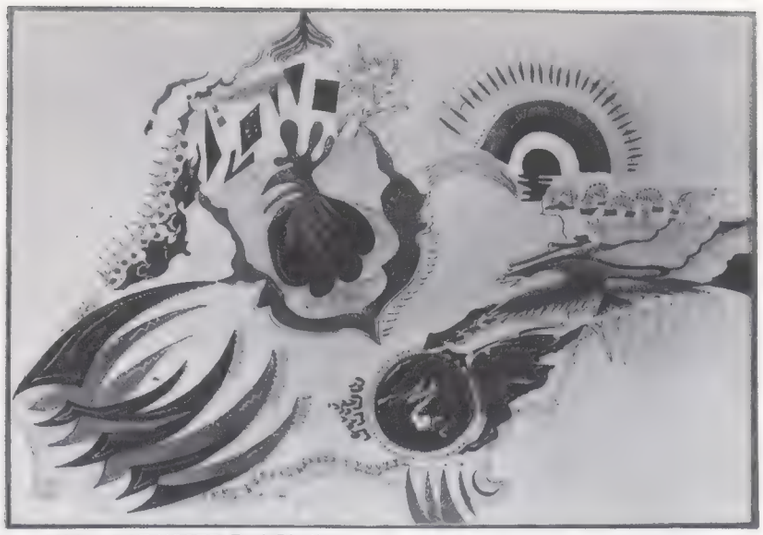
Clarence John LAUGHLIN: Strange Dialogue (photograph)

Ivan TOVAR: drawing

REVEILLE

Assassins lie dormant in the smoke of thoughts
hovering over the scabrous blossoms of faces
decaying among dynamos and steel facades
their malignant hands break like the river's
veins over the electric fields
foretelling the lost charges of a hundred wounded horses
which breathe the lava of alienated life
and fly away to the brink of the secretive clouds
Febrile calculations of women, as murderous
as jewelry, will find in the flight of lions
the prism of liberty
like a philosophic razorblade
For love is not silent but hungers for
the green harbor of childhood signs
and the magnetic desires of the cobra reborn
that constantly plunges through the
forms of a foetal dream
trailing like the wind's black spasms
into corporeal day

Nancy PETERS



Miriam BAT-YOSEF: Dark Rhythm

THE TWELFTH KEY

for Elisa Breton

Elisa sows the day in wings
She smokes the bitter falcon's bliss
She rides in wasps of foaming light
Her triple grip announces trees
whose forest bathes in one blue flame

Her dream is measureless to flight
as she reads the palm
of the verb to sleep

Elisa reaps the night in glass
She loosens lions from our eyes
She is the motive deep and red
behind all out-of-season fears
Her mirror answers long low cries
from Easter Island's heads of stone

Her star is measureless to dreams
as she reads the pulse
*of the verb*ignite

Schiechter DUVALL: The Golden Fleece

THE SERIAL UNIVERSE

for Shuzo Takiguchi

Warped as a cradle of pawns
in garments of stone-pure rage
the lisping lock returns alone
starved and cuddled in woofs of gore
through muzzles of sleet
detoured in signs
from coughing ships in Spartan glass

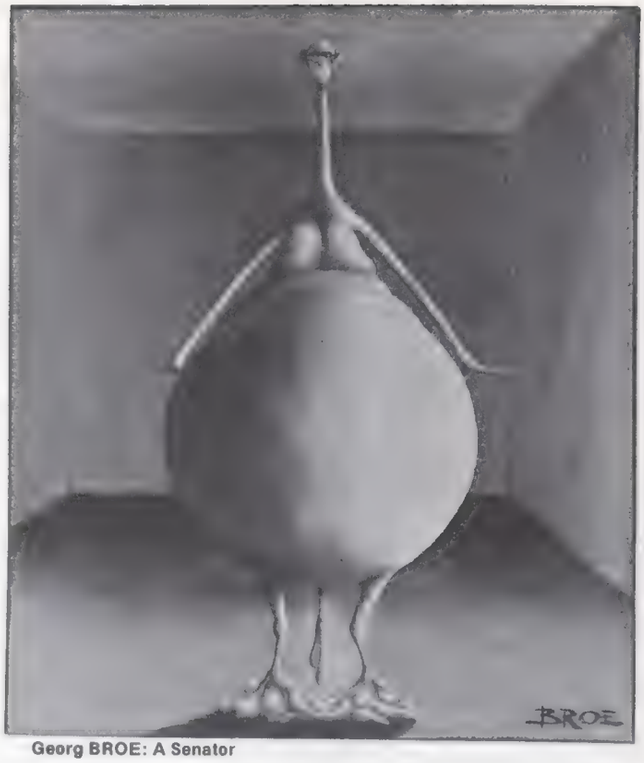
The halo scores its jasper splash
like bones that laugh in a creaking rain
The proof of the pudding
is in the hair

You have two eyes in each eye
and four more in each breath
White mice tomorrow
bring green songs today
Your night like all truths
is a dreaming glove

Franklin ROSEMONT

John W. WELSON: The Songs of Horses Lie Upon Their Hands Like Hair

Ulrich ROSSING: The Sea



Georg BROE: A Senator

THE WOOD

I am the wood
with the seven eyes
and listening ears
The wood that sees
and hears

In my oldest tree
lives an owl
Beneath the ferns
waits his
prey

Ulf GUDMUNDSEN

Borge CHRISTIANSEN: The Red Night—The Love-Bird's Hope

Erik MORTENSEN: The Fiddler

THE GENIUS

The summer of my tenth year, Father took me to the sea. Our Hotel, very big and very white, was built by the shore—the fine white sand crept up through the cracks of the freshly waxed floors and settled in minute piles behind the starched dining room curtains. Across the road from the Hotel lay the perfect beach—unusually free of seaweed and shells. There were only myriads of tiny worms that made whorls in the sand like a murderer's magnified fingerprints, shrimp (which the girls and ladies caught in small nets) and crabs. I was enchanted with the clean beach and its fine malleable sand, and set about at once with my shovel and bucket to build a city. I called it Heaven City because it was so white. By the end of the afternoon, Heaven City was of such complex and unusual design that when my father came to fetch me for supper, he found me surrounded by a large and enthusiastic crowd eager to inform him of what he already knew—that I was an "unusually precocious" child.

I had built Heaven City very high upon the beach so that the tides could not reach it; I could go back to it each day, repair crumbling walls, add new structures and demolish others. I allowed no other child into the game, and if a certain party of American psychologists had not been vacationing on the very same beach and keeping a jealous eye on the city, the other children—envious of the attention I was getting and the large area I had monopolized—would have gladly kicked the entire thing in.

One morning when the city had been under construction for over two weeks, I discovered that the outer wall (including several watchtowers and a bridge of which I was especially proud) had been erased and replaced by other structures of far superior design. As the eminent Dr. Chorea and members of his group had been keeping a constant watch over Heaven City (they were taking notes for a film and Dr. Chorea himself was writing an article about me and Heaven City for *Psychology and the Creative Child)* I was certain that no child had altered my construction. In any case, the work was far too sophisticated to be that of a child. It seemed very likely that one of the members of Dr. Chorea's group was playing a joke on me and the eminent Doctor. I was convinced of that the following day when I discovered that the entire orientation of the observatory had been changed and that three new and beautifully executed parapets had been added to the outer wall. Heaven City was taking on a most extraordinary aspect—there was nothing like it in my cherished *Illustrated Encyclopedia of World Architecture* that I had brought with me for the summer. I had "met my master"—and, not used to being humiliated, I was angry. I decided, however, that I was not beaten.

All afternoon I destroyed my poorer constructions and replaced them as fantastically and imaginatively as I could. I worked feverishly and I thought with inspiration until nightfall. Imagine my fury then, when the following morning everything had been wiped out and replaced by one elegant and magnificent fortress—complete with a vast system of roadways and defenses—surrounded by high sculptured walls and thirteen ominous watchtowers. Angry as I was, I was nevertheless impressed by these structures and rather than better them (which I could not do) or destroy them (which I felt would have been criminal) I began a large castle to the left of Heaven City and into which I put all that I had left of ingeniosity.

That afternoon, as was his habit, Dr. Chorea came to see Heaven City and ignoring my latest and most accomplished efforts enthusiastically admired the work of the unknown architect. Mortified, I said nothing but acknowledged silently to myself that he was right—my latest efforts were trivial and childish compared to the other. I decided that very night I would discover my rival's identity.

At about two in the morning when everyone was asleep I left the Hotel and crept down to the sea. Silently I approached Heaven City from behind a line of beach houses that divided the street from the shore. One of these belonged to my Father and stood just behind my new castle, to the left of Heaven City. I slipped inside and, leaving the door slightly ajar, waited.

Perhaps I dozed a little—perhaps it was only a half sleep—but at dawn something stirred in the sea and at once wide-awake I saw a large sea crab scuttle to the shore. He was deep blue and green but for his thorax which was white and whirred like the electric fan suspended above the hotel dining room.

He was covered with chalky barnacles and although one of his legs was missing he moved quickly across the sand. Without hesitating he scuttled directly to my new castle. For several moments he remained motionless but for his thorax which continued to flutter. And then suddenly, and with furious energy, he threw himself upon my castle and broke it to bits with his great green pincers. Then he scuttled back and forth across the sand until not a trace of the castle remained. Blood pounding in my ears I watched as he entered Heaven City and built a divinely proportioned aquaduct, a complex system of canals and five smooth tetrahedrons each over one foot high. Then he walked around Heaven City (now but for six inches of outer wall entirely of his own invention) down the broad white avenues, up and down the numerous stairs, under bridges and across parapets, and then, evidently satisfied, dug a hole in the facade of the observatory (the construction that had so particularly excited Dr. Chorea), crept inside and disappeared.

Head spinning, I ran back to the hotel and upon reaching my room was sick on the carpet. However, the next morning I went down to breakfast as usual. Dr. Chorea was sitting at our table with my Father and was waiting for me. I had no choice but to sit down beside him. My Father nodded and stirred his coffee; the Doctor squeezed my hand. I could see the hair that garnished his nostrils and decided that I definitely did not like him. Softly he told me that he had visited the beach that morning and that Heaven City was no longer there. Evidently the tides had been unusually high the night before—Heaven City had been washed away. He was pained—he had not even begun the film—he was distraught—his article was so promising—he was sorry. Taking my hand in his, he begged softly that I begin a new city—the film he was planning would be the crowning point of his career. He was convinced of my startling precocity—of my *Genius*.

The waiter had just then set a steaming plate of scrambled eggs before me. I threw this with all my force at the Doctor's head and to my astonishment severed it. My father raised his hand to strike me—something he had never done before—but changed his mind and reached instead for a cigar. Mechanically the waiter bent down to pick up the Doctor's head as he might a devilled egg. Evading him it scuttled sideways under a table. I insisted that he catch it, which he ultimately did with the help of a long-handled serving-fork. He presented it to me in a folded dinner napkin.

All the way to the beach the head squirmed, crab-like, in its freshly laundered prison that smelled pleasantly of starch. (For a fleeting instant I thought of the Doctor's impeccable shirts.) I came to the shore. The head now closely resembled a sea crab in volume and weight. With a cry I threw it with all my might out to sea.

When I returned to the dining room I saw that Dr. Chorea's body had been placed in a large crystal vase on the dining room mantle and that a beautiful bouquet of sea flowers was growing where his head had been. The gold buttons of the Doctor's vest and jacket fizzed and sparkled in the water behind the crystal. A potted plant of sorts, Dr. Chorea was far more attractive than when he had been a man.

RIKKI

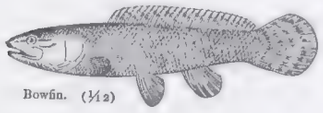
THE CRIMSON TOUCH

As you prance about the wonderland
carrying ice chips that whisper
to Juliette as she proudly invades
every pocket filled with scarabs

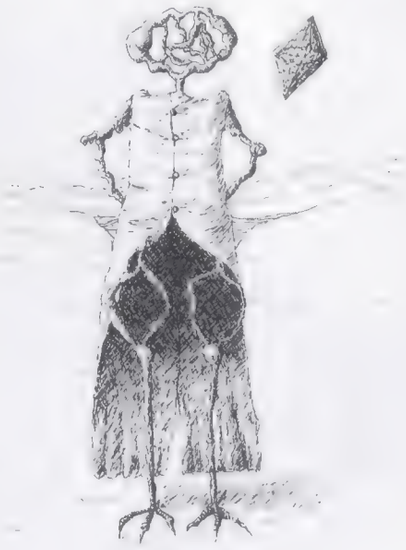
The Tower bursts into bloom
and dances about the menagerie
only to discover crossroads
leading to the island of Erotica

Enchanted forests entrap you
with their charm
and devour you
with their piercing stare
as you prance about the wonderland

Jocelyn Cecilia KOSLOFSKY

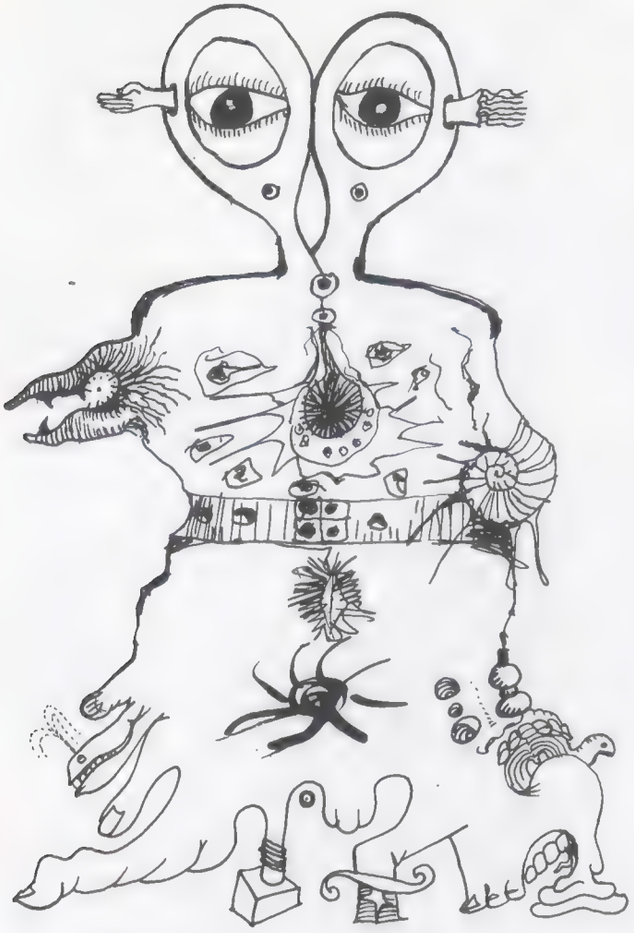


Bowfin. (1/12)



Tor ULVEN: drawing

"The exquisite corpse shall drink the young wine." — Old Saying



A.K. El JANABY, Ali FENJAN and Maroin DIB: exquisite corpse

Ted JOANS, Laurens VANCREVEL, Mario CESARINY: exquisite corpse

Damien PAUL: Haitian voodoo painting

Gabriel BIEN-AIME: iron sculpture

THE LUNAR PARTISANS FOR THE ABOLITION OF MONEY

1.
The gorge of the Caesars spits curried gulls
at the salmon-headed twisters of Kansas Indiana Nebraska
and the last ACT
is by brains-on-fire
(more familiar to us as the double-neckties clerk who attends
the orange file door)
where the act splits its venison
with whale wind, moon meat

2.
sand liqueur sucks prisons eyes
there is mercy under fingernails
of the wort louse
there is
grass in the beaker
growing up the stormy ladder to the lightning house
the lightning house with the crucifixion chair secreted in its drop-
pings

the skin of the pilot stretched across zones of turbulent weather

3.
The vampire monk eating pickled crabs
leaves only the eyes
for the golden flies

the golden flies
drift in their syrup
toward the cities of carnal yeast

4.
The purse of aether milks the Serbian crows
in a matrimonial landscape of beasts crossed with breasts
as a consequence as a consequence
of a vote of a vote
that I voted that you voted
that we voted that they voted
TO STRIKE
with loaded pistols in disguise
with all the questions that loaded sperm can address to the choc-
olate
of strangers

5.
Eels in aspic flaunt their plumage
at a gentle king of whom there remains only a hell's tooth
which crawls across the bleeding floor
of the pernod grotto
beset by a sun of mad rainbows
and the white motors that were cured by the misery of sheep

and the white motors that were cured by the misery of sheep
lift the flowery road beyond the elbow of the tooth
to the ceiling of anonymous avalanches and litmus tongues

6.
The planet Mars settles in the footsteps of the mountain goats
it gives you a feeling like being a cripple
it's a feeling you can't deny
like the violent dust of porcelain ladies
or the milky buttocks of girls in their careless years

7.
The trees of lead toss their flaming hounds

8.
The noose of the fields twists the cities' neck
the cities burst through the grassy folds of space

9.
The music of Mars floats on the waters of Mind
love is blood sport for the nightmare fighters
I dream of the Invisible Ones
in their light-flaying wings

the truth is in the saucers

Joseph JABLONSKI
Nuremberg-Munich-Mainz
August 1974

José ARGEMI: Surrealist Postage Stamps

THE RESILIENT ADVENTURE

I fought the beast on a dive into the shadows—a stiff desire spent deep below the crest of dermal tissue, and up, burning into the sky. A punctured truth. A bitter battle ensued; an awful menace, a horrible creature, a devouring demon issuing poisonous wounds—painful red patches without fur.

Bathing myself periodically with drives into the spinning whirlpools of cold liquid blood—a breath; a gust of steam into the wild free space, and again checked, attacked viciously, unmercifully, like wintertongue stuck on a steel rail.

I cannot describe the bizarre attitudes trimmed from our mist, a desert held between the legs. A stump of an afternoon is widowed by worn thoughts on a winding spool. The treasure bubbles forth pimply and disgusting. A putrefying placenta teases the neighborly dog that dances with Catheter Sue. A timely delay, a perfect distraction, a final thrust delivered by a volcano riding an avalanche across an earthquake cascading into law, the glitter of deep crystalline flesh. A tornado whips his dim sides down, stumbling in a time-split spiral. Belching tiny bits, each bit carefully wrapped in its own wrapper, each wrapper enveloped in folding-cream—the cream is hugged by tiny holes leading into inner rooms cluttered with ransom notes.

"I left the spinal cord intact, proving honorable intent, thus not the slightest loss of wisdom resulted from my craft."

"B'fo I die y'Honor..."

With these wetted tongues our ancestors rumble in the backbrain with miniature particles seeping out through molecules of restraint arranged in such a way as to substitute for permanent wave solution dribbling down the whorish tits of Capitol Hill.

* * *

The surrealist use of words exceeds the limitations of all accepted notions of poetry, art, beauty, truth and reason. We conceive of language as no less an adventure than the wildest exploits that can be divined. We invent thought with threads of words alone. Language can live—or it can die in the grip of convention. It can drip with possibility, or be bound by vague and weak notions, and by rules prescribed by melancholy cripples. We use words as a magical instrument of revolt, as a means of invention, as a tool by which we melt the walls of our minds, loosen the rust of rigid meanings, and stir the liquid of imagination.

One function of automatic writing is to allow words to seek new thoughts as a by-product of chance relationships, and to free us from the shackles of the known. Automatism in painting, for the surrealists, has the same function and benefits us equally as a means of liberation by puncturing the membrane of fixed reality. By these and other means we wish to crush the frozen and barren wastelands of repression and contradiction, to install in their place a medium for the fulfillment of desires.

Our tasks are far beyond the simple-cratic scope of an "art movement." We shall carry our passion to its ultimate conclusions, whereby mind and freedom will ignite in a grand announcement.

Robert GREEN

Manolo PASCUAL: Ugly Woman with a Mask

THE MASKS OF MASKUS

Frantic Kashkai horsemen tear wildly at the headless calf. But the head in question has not been lost upon some bloody sword. NO. It palpitates and writhes in its embellished form in the Spirit Houses of New Guinea where it becomes the MASK whose power over life and death is unquestionable.

It thrives and grows in the secret caves of the Dogon peoples where it is lavishly fed precious gruels decade after decade, until it is no more than a crusty, putrid object whose intrinsic magic increases with each feeding—with each layer of sordid residue.

The MASK is not an ornament of beauty, but a Spirit manifested in its own brutal, violent and singular form. Born out of Hope and Fear. Carefully nurtured and suckled by Desire.

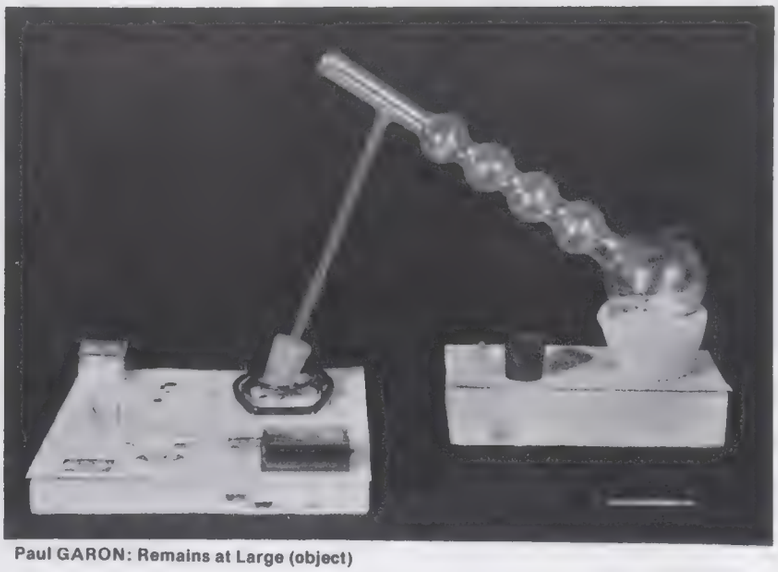
Debra TAUB

Debra TAUB: Your Hair Seems So Long Ago

"The machinery for dreaming planted in the human brain was not planted for nothing."

— Thomas DeQuincey

SURREALIST DANCE:
Alice Farley



Paul GARON: Remains at Large (object)

Jean BENOIT: Encasement for the Manuscript of LES CHAMPS MAGNETIQUES

ENCASEMENT FOR THE MANUSCRIPT OF
Les Champs Magnétiques

In a way, this work is a rendering of the "image" of my personal convictions concerning automatism. André Breton's thoughts on the subject are still authoritative. If in *Point du jour* (1934) he admitted that "the history of automatic writing is one of continuous misfortune," he nonetheless confided in *Entretiens* (1952) how much automatism "was still dear" to him. The same applied to painting with this one difference: that the painters, supposedly, had exploited automatism shamelessly, commercially.

And so it was in a rather fine fury that I opened the skull to see for myself how this pretty mechanism could have jammed at the very moment that such a generous "idea" was formulated—was suggested to it; and out came, as you can see, a toad—one of Alfred Jarry's "totemic" animals.

DESCRIPTION

The four "active" characters were made of a mixture of the bones of guinea hens and rabbits. For the largest—the equivalent of a man six feet tall—I chose a large rabbit and a fat guinea hen; proportionately less for the characters that are supposed to be about five feet tall. Thus I recreate an anatomy which could be coupled with nature's, in spite of the difference in scale. Also, if you look carefully you will see that the musculature of the toad's paws was "suggested" to me by chicken's beaks. The monkey, on the other hand, was fashioned with the aid of toad and chicken bones. The old woman's skull was actually that of a thirteen-year-old girl, etc., etc.

As you can imagine, this little "alchemy" is a source of great satisfaction to me, and helps me create a world entirely my own.

Jean BENOIT

POEMS

Each
Bird
Is the color
Of its cry

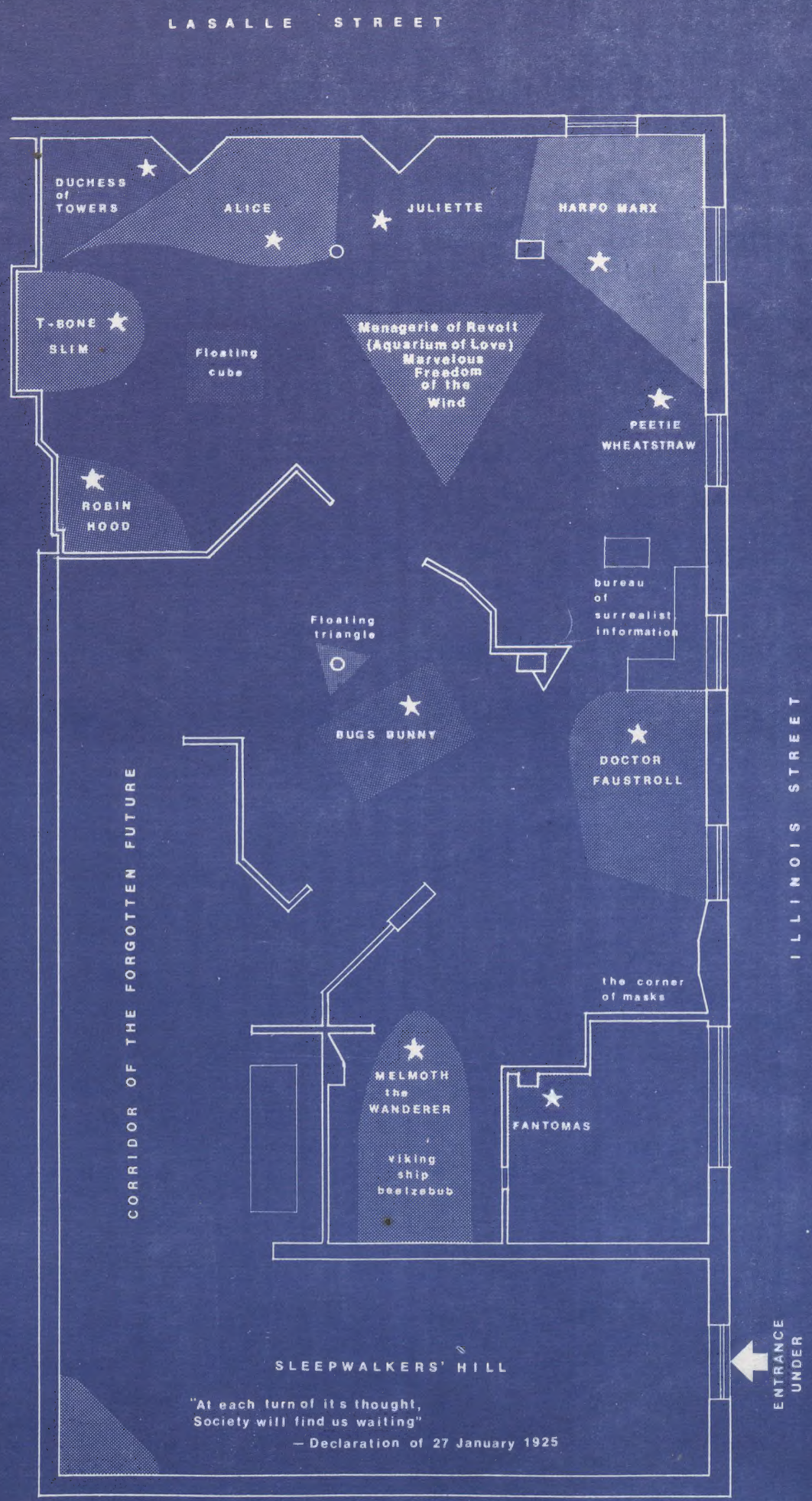
▪

Gold
Is
The metal
With the broadest
Shoulders

▪

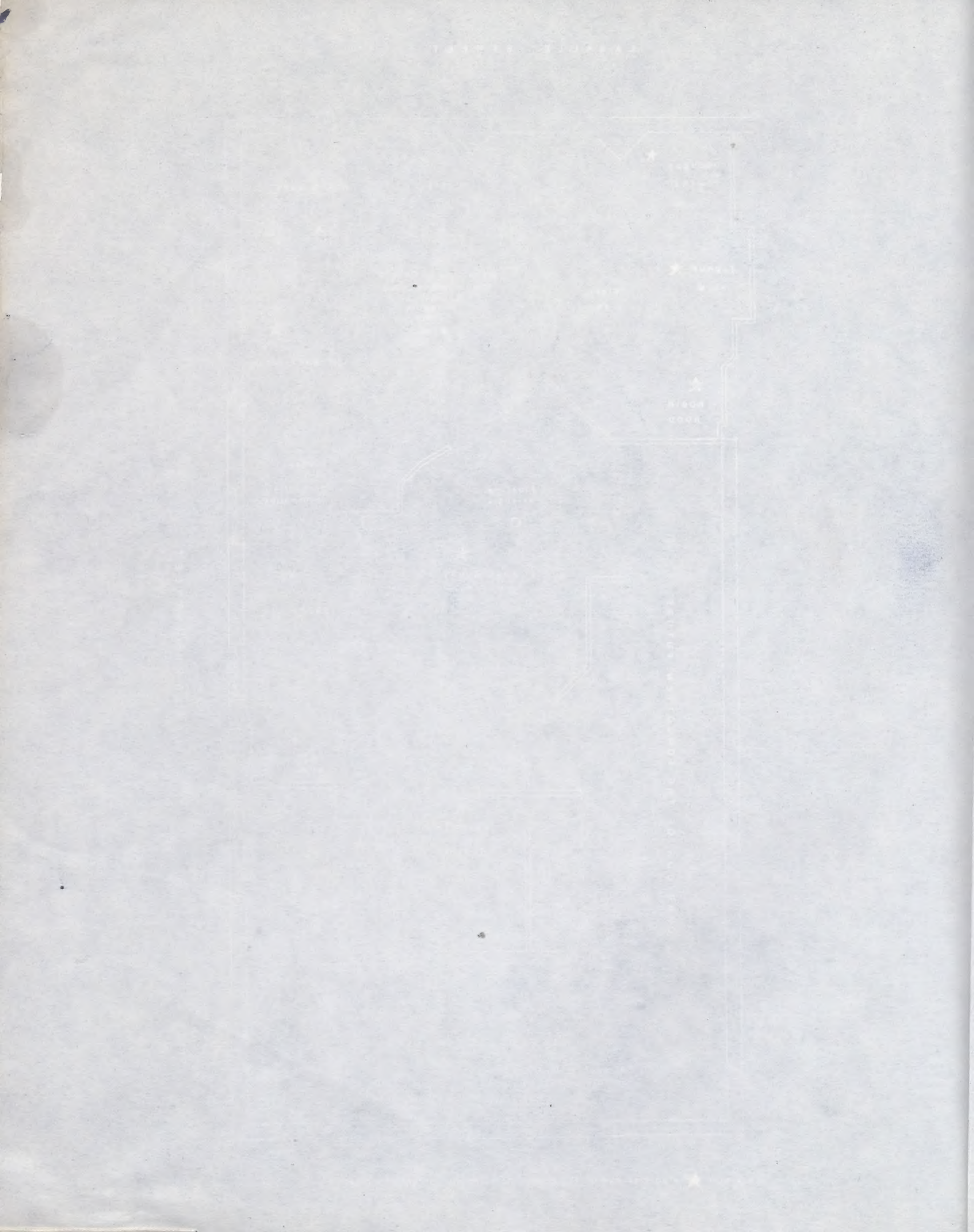
Fruit is
Male
On the plate
And female on the tree

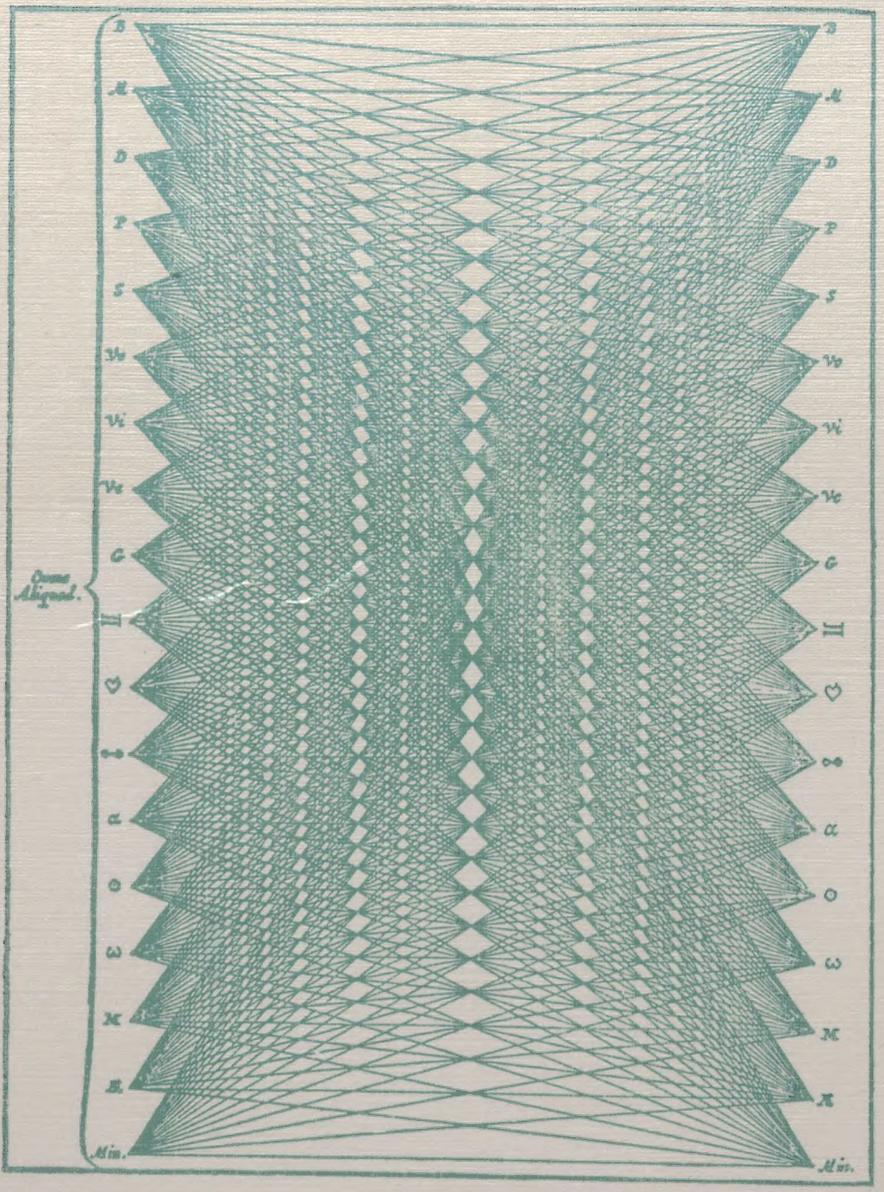
Malcolm de CHAZAL



A star ★ signifies one of the Eleven Domains of Surrealist Vigilance

TAGUE





From Kircher's *Ars Magna Sciendi.*

THE PROBLEM OF DIVERSITY.

In the above diagram Kircher arranges eighteen objects in two vertical columns and then determines the number of arrangements in which they can be combined. By the same method Kircher further estimates that fifty objects may be arranged in 1,273,726,838,815,420,339,851,343,083,767,005,515,293,749,454,795,473,408,000,000,000,000 combinations. From this it will be evident that infinite diversity is possible, for the countless parts of the universe may be related to each other in an incalculable number of ways; and through the various combinations of these limitless subdivisions of being, infinite individuality and infinite variety must inevitably result. Thus it is further evident that life can never become monotonous or exhaust the possibilities of variety.